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MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY
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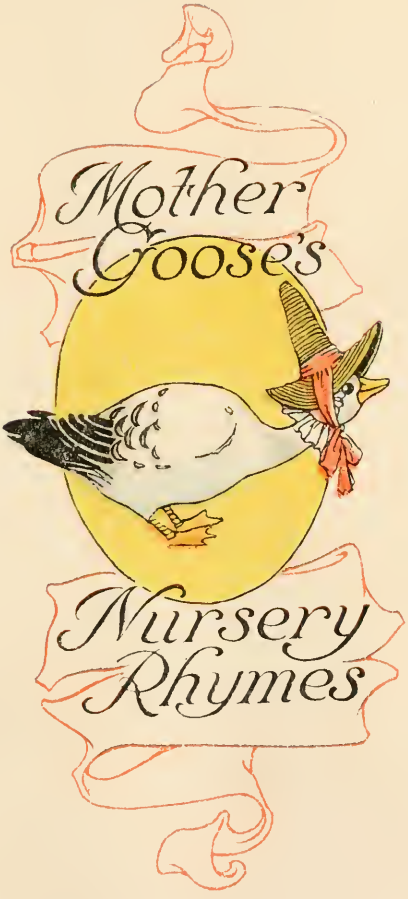
LITTLE BO-PEEP.


Mother
Goose's
Nursery
Rhymes

Here Mother Goose on winter nights
The old and young she both delights.

Chap Book, 1817.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes

Edited by

L. Edna Walter

M.B.E. B.Sc., A.C.G.I.

Illustrated by

Charles Folkard

A. & C. Black, Ltd., Soho Square, London, W.1.

And if thou dost buy this book,
Be sure that you do on it look,
And read it o'er, then thou wilt say
Thy money is not thrown away.

First published in November 1919; *reprinted in April* 1922.

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To

A LITTLE GIRL & A LITTLE BOY

OF LANCASHIRE

"I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee."

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PREFACE FOR GROWN-UPS

ABOUT two hundred years ago a Frenchman named Perrault brought out a book which he called *Stories of Mother Goose.* They were translated into English, and when it is remembered that amongst those stories are Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood it will surprise no one to learn that they became immensely popular in our country. From that time onward "Mother Goose" has been a term specially associated with nursery literature; so when John Newbury, a famous printer of London Town, thought he would put together for children a few well-known rhymes, he called the little book *Mother Goose's Melody*, and that was the first book of nursery rhymes ever published. Newbury's own books have disappeared, but some went to America, where they were at once copied, and, fortunately, a couple of those copies still exist. They are about one hundred and thirty-five years old.

Only fifty rhymes were printed then, and those fifty have formed the basis of this, as of every, copy of "Mother Goose" published in modern times. In some cases, however, Newbury only printed a few lines, and an attempt has here been made to obtain from chap-books or other sources as full a version as possible. *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, brought out by Ritson in 1810, has provided a great many more rhymes for this edition, as have also the chap-books in the British Museum and in the libraries of Manchester. Especially do I owe a great debt to Halliwell's collections.

A search has been made among all books of nursery rhymes and songs brought out fifty years ago or more, in order that this edition should be as complete as possible. It is not claimed that there is any finality in a collection of nursery rhymes, for just as "Oh, dear! What can the Matter be?" took root in the affections of children from being a popular song less than a century ago, so other rhymes are constantly being added to the children's chosen literature, or other verses to an older rhyme.

Time is of no account in children's minds. So "The House that Jack Built," supposed to owe its origin to a Chaldee hymn, is put on the same footing as "Humpty Dumpty" of the Plantagenets, "Hickory Dickory Dock" of the Stuarts, or "The North Wind doth Blow" of Victorian times.

If one or two of the rhymes strike a modern ear as being somewhat crude, it must be remembered that they are old, and it was felt that they ought not to be omitted from so comprehensive an edition.

L. EDNA WALTER.

MANCHESTER, *August*, 1919.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes

LD Mother Goose when
She wanted to wander,
ould ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

ther Goose had a house,
Twas built in a wood,
here an owl at the door
For a sentinel stood.

e had a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad,
was not very good
Nor yet very bad.

e sent him to market,
A live goose he bought;
ee, mother," says he,
I have not been for nought."

k's goose and her gander
Grew very fond,
ey'd both eat together
r swim in one pond.

k found one fine morning,
s I have been told,
goose had laid him
n egg of pure gold.

k rode to his mother
he news for to tell,
called him a good boy
nd said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
A half of his due.

Then Jack went a-courting
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

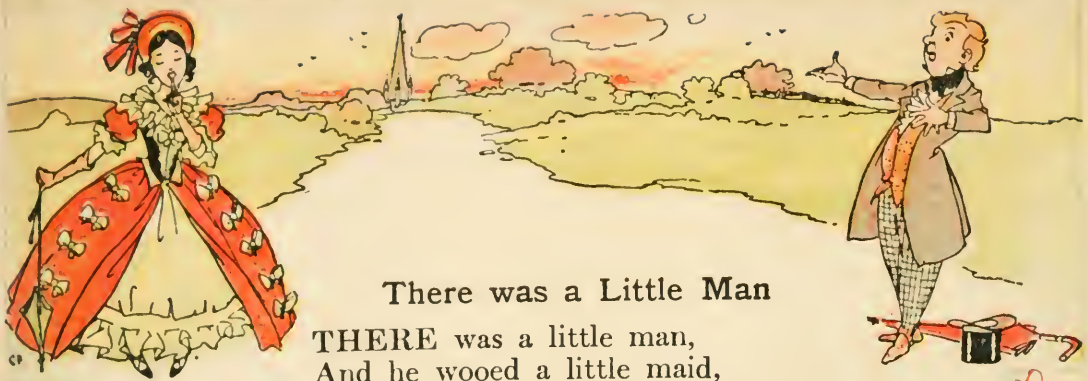
Then old Mother Goose
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into famed Harlequin.

She then with her wand
Touched the lady so fine,
And turned her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg in the sea
Was thrown out amain,
When Jack he jumped in
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vowed he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back
Flew up to the moon.



There was a Little Man

THERE was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
So will you, aye or nay?
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded, ded."

Then replied the little maid,
"Little Sir! you've little said
To induce a little maid for to wed, wed, wed,
You must say a little more,
And produce a little ore,
Ere I to the church will be led, led, led."

Then the little man replied,
"If you'll be my little bride,
I will raise my love notes a little higher, higher, higher;
Though my offers are not meet,
Yet my little heart is great,
With the little God of Love all on fire, fire, fire."

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
"Pray, what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

The little man he sighed,
And, some say, a little cried,
For his little heart was big with sorrow, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;
"As I am your little slave,
If the little that I have,
Be too little, little, we will borrow, borrow, borrow, borrow."

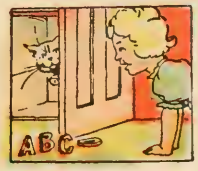
Then the little man so gent,
Made the little maid relent,
And set her little heart a-thinking, king, king, king;
Though his offers were but small,
She took his little all,
She could have her little cat and her skin, skin, skin.

SEE-SAW, Sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

See-saw, Jack in the hedge,
Which is the way to London Bridge?
Put on your shoes, and away you trudge,
That is the way to London Bridge.

HEY! diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,*
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B.
The cat's in the cupboard
And she can't see.



A, B, C,
Tumble down D.
The cat's in the cupboard
And can't see me.

* "Craft" is the older word—"sport" is often substituted nowadays.

DING, dong bell,
The cat's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's
barn.

"WE'RE three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane."
"My daughter Jane she is too young,
She has no skill in a flattering tongue."

"Be she young, or be she old,
It's for her beauty she must be sold;
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day."

"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful
knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright."
"Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not
bought.

Nor in this town they won't be sold,
Neither for silver nor for gold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day."

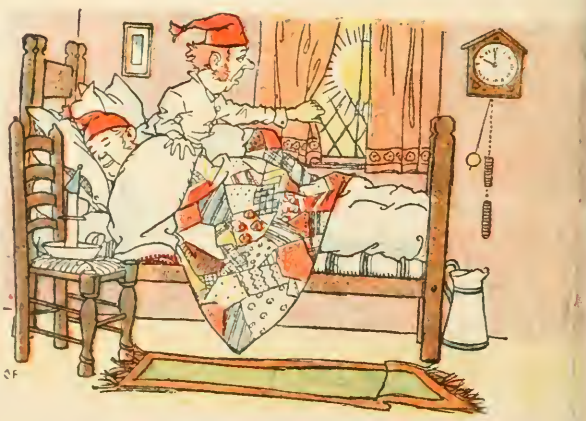
"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful
knight,
And take the fairest in your sight."
"The fairest maid that I can see
Is pretty Nancy; come to me."

"Here comes your daughter, safe and
sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound,
Every finger with a gay, gold ring;
Please to take your daughter in."

ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten;

Then up starts Robin,
And looks at the sky,
"Oh! brother Richard,
The sun's very high;

"You go before,
With bottle and bag,
And I will come after
On little Jack Nag."



RIDE a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fair lady ride on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a twopenny apple pie.

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse;
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Oh, had these children been at school
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not then been drowned.

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them all at home.

THERE were two blackbirds sat upon
a hill,
The one named Jack, the other
named Jill.
Fly away, Jack, fly away, Jill;
Come again, Jack, come again,
Jill.

"PAT a cake, pat a cake,
Baker's man."
"That I will, master,
As fast as I can."
"Pat it and prick it,
And mark it with a T,
And put in the oven
For Tommy and me."

WHEN I was a little boy
I had but little wit;
'Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet,
Nor ever, ever shall
Until that I die,
For the longer I live
The more fool am I.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me;
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

TELL-tale-tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

WHEN I was a little boy
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got
I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow,
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife got a fall,
Farewell, wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

BOW, wow, wow,
Whose dog are thou?
Little Tommy Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

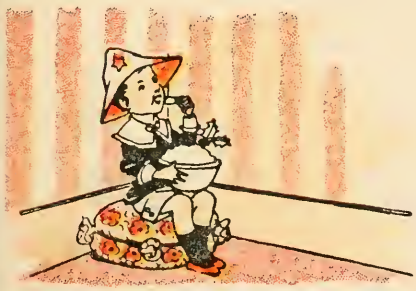
ONE, two, three, four, and five,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, and ten,
I let him go again.

COCK-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's lost his fiddling stick,
And doesn't know what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle, doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick
For dame and doodle-doo.



SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Jacky shall have a new master;
Jacky must have but a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating of Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And cried, "What a good boy
am I!"

ROUND about, round about,
Maggotty pie,*
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

*Note.—Maggot-pie is the old word for magpie.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper;
Went to bed and bound his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

When Jill came in how she did grin
To see Jack's paper plaster;
Mother vexed, did whip her next
For causing Jack's disaster.

O MY kitten, a kitten!
And O my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
There is not far nor near-y.
There we go, up, up, up,
There we go, down, down, down,
There we go, backwards and forwards,
And here we go, round, round, round.

THERE was an old woman
Sold puddings and pies;
She went to the mill,
And dust flew in her eyes.
Hot pies to sell,
Cold pies to sell;
You may follow her
By their smell.

THIS pig went to market;
This pig stayed at home;
This pig had roast meat;
This pig had none;
This pig went to the barn door,
And cry'd, Week, week, for more.

PEASE-porridge hot,
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.

Spell me *that* without a p
And a clever scholar you will be.

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
  All on a summer's day,
The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts,
  And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
  And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
  And vowed he'd steal no more.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

BAA, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

UP hill and down dale;
Butter is made in every vale;
And if that Nancy Cook
Is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse,
And make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother
Grows a young man.

WHO comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where is your money?
I've forgot.
Get you gone
You drunken sot.

HUSH-A-BY, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

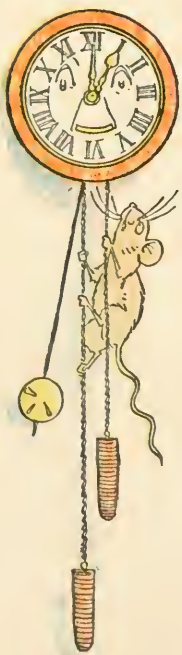
THERE was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another hedge,
And scratched them in again.

A LONG-TAILED pig or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without any tail;
A sow pig or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curling tail;
Take hold of the tail and cut off his head,
And then you'll be sure the pig-hog is dead.

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck three,
The mouse ran away,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck ten,
The mouse came again,
Hickory, dickory, dock.



I'LL tell you a story
About Jack-a-Nory,—
And now my story's begun:
I'll tell you another
About Jack and his brother,—
And now my story's done.

HERE stands a post,
Who set it there?
A better man than you;
Touch it if you dare!

OH, rare Harry Parry,
When will you marry?
When apples and peas are ripe,
I'll come to your wedding
Without any bidding,
And dance and sing all the night.

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill;

The miller did swear
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.

CROSS patch
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

THREE wise men of Gotham
They went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

I WON'T be my father's Jack,
I won't be my mother's Jill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune,
T'other little tune,
Prithee, love, play me
T'other little tune.

LITTLE Tom Tucker,
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter;
How will he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

A Frog He would A-Wooing go

A FROG he would a-wooing go,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigh-ho, says Anthony Rowley!

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mister Rat, will you go with me?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"Kind Mrs Mousey for to see?"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

They came to the door of Mousey's hall,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs Mouse, are you within?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley.
"Oh! yes, kind sirs, I'm sitting to spin."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mr Frog, will you give us a song?"
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"Let it be something that's not very long."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Indeed, Mrs Mouse," replied Mr Frog,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Since you have a cold, Mr Frog," Mousey said,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a rowley, powley, etc.

But while they were all a-merry-making,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

This put Mr Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat and he wished them good-night.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

So there was an end of one, two and three,
Heigh-ho, says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and the little frog-gee.
With a rowley, powley, etc.

I'LL tell my own Daddy, when he comes home,
All the good work my Mammy has done;
She has earnt a penny, and spent a groat,
And burnt a hole in the child's new coat.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped over the table
To see the pot wash the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door,
Called dish-clout dirty, o'er and o'er.
"What!" said the gridiron, "can't you agree?
I'm the head constable; come along with me."

AS I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a curtsy.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you!
If I had half a crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

OLD Father Greybeard,
Without tooth or tongue,
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.

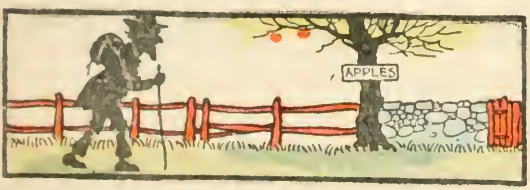
MAKE three-fourths of a cross,
And a circle complete;
And let two semicircles
On a perpendicular meet;
Next add a triangle
That stands on two feet;
Next two semicircles,
And a circle complete.

TO BACCO

TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring one leg back.

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in;
They all took one, and left four in.

THOMAS a Tattamus took two T's
To tie two tups to two tall trees.
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus,
Tell me how many T's there are in all THAT.



THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies:
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Who stands yonder?
Little Betsy Baker,
Take her up and shake her.

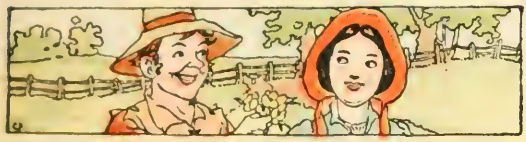
SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapped off her nose.

Jack Sprat

JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both,
They licked the platter clean.

Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat;
The bone they picked clean,
Then gave it to the cat.



When Jack Sprat was young,
He dressed very smart;
He courted Joan Cole,
And he gained her heart.

In his fine leather doublet
And old greasy hat,
Oh, what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sprat!

Joan Cole had a hole
In her petticoat;
Jack Sprat to get a patch
Gave her a groat.

The groat bought a patch
Which stopped the hole;
"I thank you, Jack Sprat,"
Says little Joan Cole.

Jack Sprat was the bridegroom,
Joan Cole was the bride;
Jack said from the church
His Joan home should ride.

But no coach could take her,
The lane was so narrow;
Said Jack, "Then I'll take her
Home in a wheel barrow."

Jack Sprat was wheeling
His wife by the ditch;
The barrow turned over,
And in she did pitch.

Says Jack, "She'll be drowned,"
But Joan did reply,
"I don't think I shall,
For the ditch is quite dry."

Jack brought home his Joan,
And she sat in a chair,
When in came his cat,
Which had got but one ear.

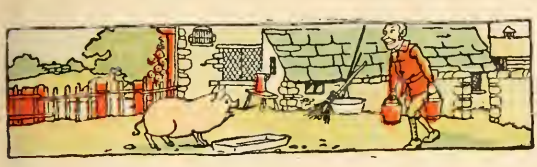
Says Joan, "I'm come home, Puss,
Pray, how do you do?"
The cat wagged her tail,
And said nothing but "mew."

Jack Sprat took his gun,
And went to the brook;
He shot at a drake,
But he killed the duck.

He brought it to Joan,
Who a fire did make,
To roast the fat duck
While Jack went for the drake.

The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail;
Jack Sprat went to shoot him
But happened to fail.

He let off his gun,
But, missing the mark,
The drake flew away
Crying, "Quack, Quack, Quack."



Jack Sprat to live pretty,
Now bought him a pig;
It was not very little,
It was not very big.

It was not very lean,
It was not very fat,
It will serve for a grunter
For little Jack Sprat.

Then Joan went to market
To buy her some fowls;
She bought a jackdaw
And a couple of owls.

The owls they were white,
The jackdaw was black;
"They'll make a rare breed."
Says little Joan Sprat.

Jack Sprat bought a cow,
His Joan for to please;
For Joan she could make
Both butter and cheese,

Or pancakes or puddings
Without any fat;
A notable housewife
Was little Joan Sprat.

Joan Sprat went a-brewing
A barrel of ale;
She put in some hops
That it might not turn stale.

But as for the malt
She forgot to put that;
"This is brave, sober liquor,"
Said little Jack Sprat.

Jack Sprat went to market,
And bought him a mare;
She was lame of three legs,
And as blind as she could stare.

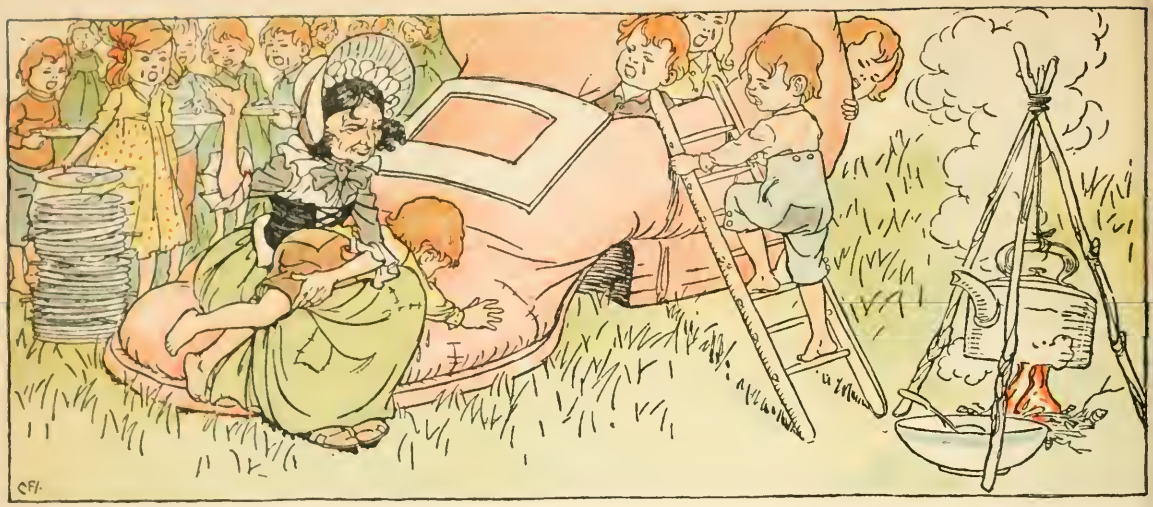
Her ribs they were bare,
For the mare had no fat;
"She looks like a racer,"
Says little Jack Sprat.

Jack and Joan went abroad,
Puss took care of the house;
She caught a large rat,
And a very small mouse.

She caught a small mouse,
And a very large rat;
"You're an excellent hunter,"
Says little Jack Sprat.

Now I have told you the story
Of little Jack Sprat,
And little Joan Cole,
And the poor one-eared cat.

Now Jack has got rich,
And has plenty of pelf;
If you know any more,
You may tell it yourself.



THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all well, and put them to bed.

THE man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With supping hot pease-porridge.

THE man in the moon drinks claret,
But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy;
Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
He should learn to drink cider and brandy.

HANNAH Bantry in the pantry,
Eating a mutton bone;
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,
When she found she was alone.

THE children of Holland
Take pleasure in making,
What the children of England
Take pleasure in breaking.
(*Toys*)

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
And tho' victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
This plaguey old woman could never be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
And when she came home her old husband was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came home her old husband was well.

THERE was a lady loved a swine;
"Honey," quoth she,
"Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine?"
"Hoogh," quoth he.

"I'll build thee a silver sty,
Honey," quoth she,
"And in it thou shalt lie;"
"Hoogh," quoth he.

"Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey," quoth she,
"That you may go out and in;"
"Hoogh," quoth he.

"Wilt thou have me now,
Honey?" quoth she;
"Hoogh, Hoogh, Hoogh," quoth he,
And went his way.

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent;
Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

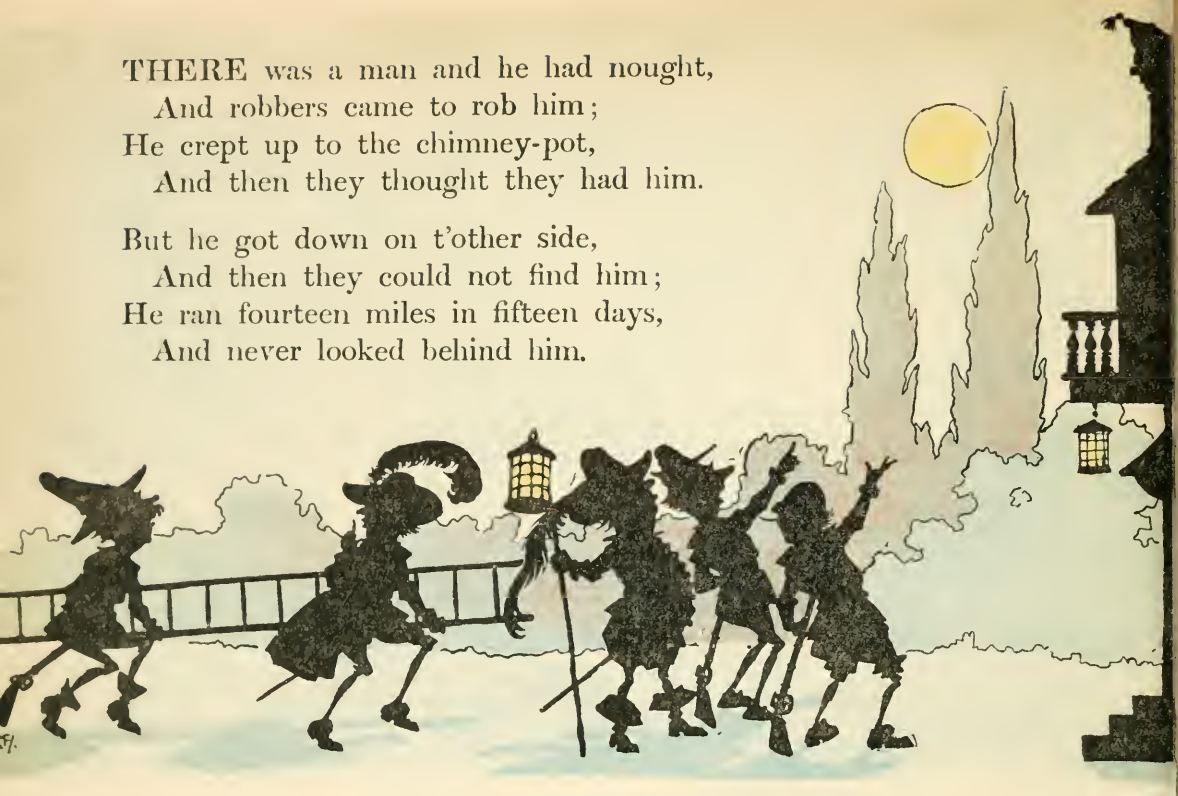
One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with thee?" "Aye, by-and-by."

THERE was a man and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.



The Merry Bells of London

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St Giles'.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells at St Anne's.

You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of St Martin's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

LONDON Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

See, a prisoner I have got,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
See, a prisoner I have got,
With a gay lady.

What's the prisoner done to you,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
What's the prisoner done to you,
With a gay lady.

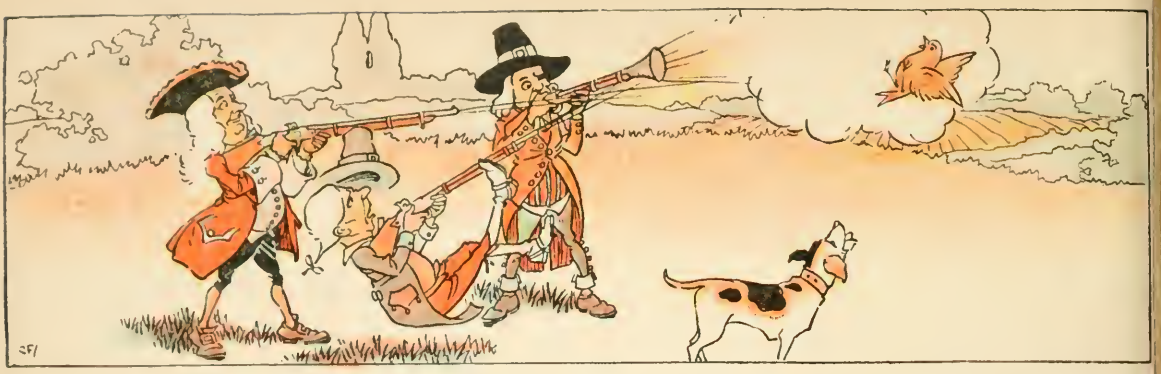
Stole my watch and broke my chain,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Stole my watch and broke my chain,
With a gay lady.

What will you take to set him free?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
What will you take to set him free?
With a gay lady.

A hundred pounds will set him free,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
A hundred pounds will set him free,
With a gay lady.

A hundred pounds I have not got,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
A hundred pounds I have not got,
With a gay lady.

Then off to prison he must go,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee;
Then off to prison he must go,
With a gay lady.



"WE'LL go a-shooting," says Robin to Bobbin,
"We'll go a-shooting," says Richard to Robin,
"We'll go a-shooting," says John all alone,
"We'll go a-shooting," says every one.

"What shall we kill?" says Robin to Bobbin,
"What shall we kill?" says Richard to Robin,
"What shall we kill?" says John all alone,
"What shall we kill?" says every one.

"We'll shoot at that wren," says Robin to Bobbin,
"We'll shoot at that wren," says Richard to Robin,
"We'll shoot at that wren," says John all alone,
"We'll shoot at that wren," says every one.

"She's down, she's down," says Robin to Bobbin,
"She's down, she's down," says Richard to Robin,
"She's down, she's down," says John all alone,
"She's down, she's down," says every one.

"How shall we get her home?" says Robin to Bobbin,
"How shall we get her home?" says Richard to Robin,
"How shall we get her home?" says John all alone,
"How shall we get her home?" says every one.

"We'll hire a cart," says Robin to Bobbin,
"We'll hire a cart," says Richard to Robin,
"We'll hire a cart," says John all alone,
"We'll hire a cart," says every one.

"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says Robin to Bobbin,
"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says Richard to Robin,
"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says John all alone,
"Then hoist, boys, hoist," says every one.

So they brought her away, after each plucked a feather,
And when they got home shared the booty together.

"COME, let's to bed," says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry awhile," says Slow;
"Put on the pan," says Greedy Nan,
"Let's sup before we go."

The Horse

UP the hill take care of me;
Down the hill take care of thee;
Give me no water when I am hot;
On level ground spare me not.

TAFFY was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wasn't at home;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a mutton bone.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was not in;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a silver pin.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed;
I took up a poker,
And flung it at his head.

TO make your candles last for aye,
You wives and maids give ear O!
To put them out is the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

OH that I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not.
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

Counting-out Rhymes

ONERY, twoery,
Ziccary zan,
Hollow bone, crack-a-bone,
Ninery, ten,
Spitt, spot,
It must be done,
Twiddlum, twaddlum,
Twenty-one.

Hinx, minx, the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry,
Nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.
Stick, stock, stone dead,
Blind man can't see,
Every knave will have a slave,
You or I must be he.

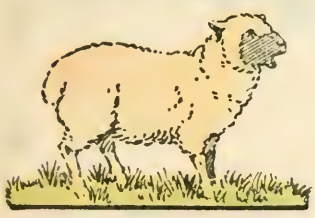
Little Bo-Peep

LITTLE Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

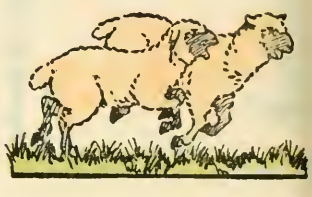
Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happened one day, as Bo-Peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by;
There she espy'd their tails, side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.



She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
Then went over hill and dale, O!
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail, O!



IF I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry young lambs to sell;
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell;
I never would cry young lambs to sell.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig;
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done;
To market, to market, to buy a plum cake,
Home again, home again, ne'er a one baked,—

The baker is dead, and all his men,
And we must go to market again.

AS I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.

The Lover's Tasks

CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Where never sprung water, nor rain ever fell?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Which never had blossom since Adam was born?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Now you have asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Between the salt water and the sea sand?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you plough it with a sailor's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And bind it all up with a peacock's feather?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

When you have done and finished your work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

HARK, hark, the dogs do bark!
Beggars are coming to town,
Some in jags, some in rags,
And some in velvet gown.

HUSH thee, my babby,
Lie still with thy Daddy,
Thy Mammy is gone to the mill,
To grind thee some wheat to make
thee some meat,
And so, my dear babby, lie still.

THREE straws on a staff,
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

HUSH-A-BY, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

HERE am I,
Little jumping Joan;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

Baby's face

BROW, brow, brinkie,
Eye, eye, winkie,
Mouth, mouth, merry,
Cheek, cheek, cherry,
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper.

Eye winker,
Tom Tinker,
Nose dropper,
Mouth eater,
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper.

DANCE to your Daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your Daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.

You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle-basket
When Papa comes home.

HUSH, baby, my doll, I pray you
don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and
some milk by and by;
Or, perhaps, you like custard, or,
maybe, a tart—
Then to either you're welcome, with
all my whole heart.

DANCE a baby, diddy,
What can mammy do wid'e?
But sit in a lap,
And give 'un a pap,
Sing dance a baby, diddy.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
The old hen flew over the malt-house;
She counted her chickens one by
one,
Still she missed the little white one,
And this is it, this is it, this is it.

(*The Toes*)

ROCK-A-BY, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

The Face

HERE sits the Lord Mayor,
Here sit his two men;
Here sits the cock,
Here sits the hen;
Here sit the little chickens,
Here they run in;
Chin-chopper, chin-chopper!
Chin-chopper, chin!

BYE, baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap a baby bunting in.

MONDAY'S child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is fair, and wise, and good, and gay.

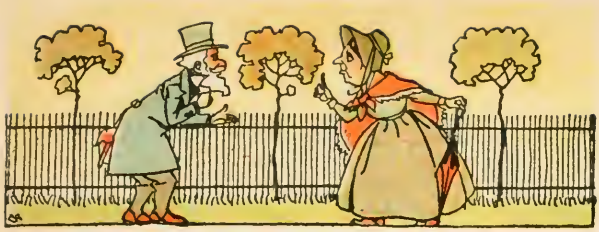
LADYBIRD, ladybird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children all gone.
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

WE are all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps,
The kittens are gone to St Paul's;
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

The Five Toes

1. "LET us go to the woods," says this pig;
2. "What to do there?" says that pig;
3. "To look for mother," says this pig;
4. "What to do with her?" says that pig;
5. "To kiss her, to kiss her," says this pig.

I'LL sing you a song
Nine verses long,
For a pin.
Three and three are six,
And three are nine;
You are a fool,
And the pin is mine.



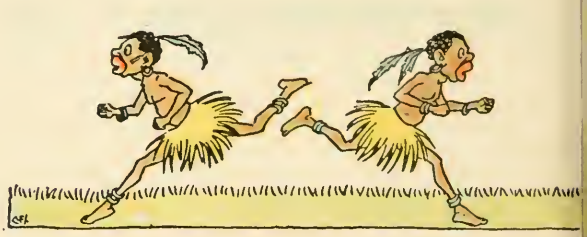
A LITTLE old man and I fell out,
How shall we bring the matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man!

ROWSTY dowt,
My fire's all out,
My little dame's not at home;
Come, bridle my hog,
And saddle my dog,
And fetch my little dame home.

Home she came,
Tritty, trot,
She called for the porridge she left in the pot;
Some she ate,
And some she shod,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog.
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead.

I'LL sing you a song,
The days are long;
The woodcock and the sparrow,
The little dog he has burnt his tail,
And he must be hanged to-morrow.

JOHNNY Armstrong kill'd a calf,
Peter Henderson got the half;
Willy Wilkinson got the head,—
Ring the bell, the calf is dead!



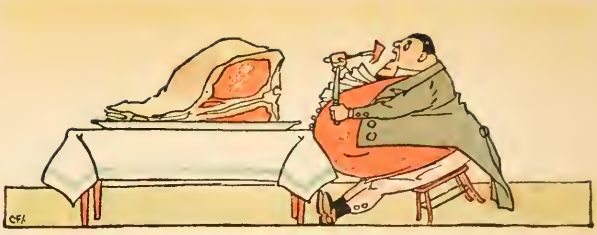
TOM Brown's two little Indian boys;
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay;
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

MISTRESS Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells,
And cockleshells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

TRIP upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some brawn, some barm;
She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly
For fear the boys should do me harm;
Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they played upon me?
They broke my pitcher,
And spilt the water,
And huffed my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.

"LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where
were you born?"
"In Lincolnshire, master; come, blow
the cow's horn,
A halfpenny pudding, a penny pie,
A shoulder of mutton and that love I."
"Little lad, little lad, where wast thou
born?"
"Far off in Lancashire, under a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk in a ram's
horn."

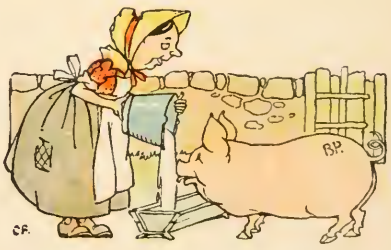
LITTLE Boy Blue, come, blow up
your horn,
The cow's in the meadow, the sheep's
in the corn;
But where is the little boy tending
the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.
Will you wake him? No, not I!
For if I do, he's sure to cry.

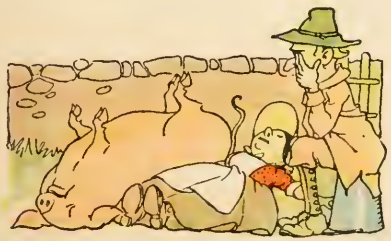


ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-belted
Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore
men;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people!
A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,
And yet he complained that his
stomach wasn't full.

BYE, O my baby!
When I was a lady,
O! then my poor baby didn't cry;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping;
O! I fear my poor baby will die.

LITTLE Betty Pringle she had a pig.
It was not very little and not very big;
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all over.





Johnny Pringle he sat down and cry'd,
Betty Pringle she laid down and dy'd;
So there was an end of one, two and three;
Johnny Pringle he, Betty Pringle she,
And Piggy Wiggie.

A FOX jumped up one winter's night,
And begged the moon to give him light,
For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den O!
Den O! den O!
For he'd many miles to trot that night
Before he reached his den O!

The first place he came to was a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and the geese declared it hard
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest so marr'd
By a visit from Mr Fox O!
Fox O! Fox O!
That their nerves should be shaken and their rest so marr'd
By a visit from Mr Fox O!

He took the grey goose by the neck,
And swung him right across his back;
The grey goose cried out, "Quack, quack, quack,"
With his legs hanging dangling down O!
Down O! down O!
The grey goose cried out, "Quack, quack, quack,"
With his legs hanging dangling down O!

Old Mother Slipper Slopper jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
"Oh! John, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the Fox is off to his den O!
Den O! den O!
Oh! John, John, John, the grey goose is gone,
And the Fox is off to his den O!"

John ran up to the top of the hill,
And blew his whistle loud and shrill;
Said the Fox, "That is very pretty music; still—
I'd rather be in my den O!
Den O! den O!"
Said the Fox, "That's very pretty music; still—
I'd rather be in my den O!"

The Fox went back to his hungry den,
And his dear little foxes eight, nine, ten;
Quoth they, "Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such good cheer from the farm O!
Farm O! farm O!"
Quoth they, "Good daddy, you must go there again,
If you bring such good cheer from the farm O!"

The Fox and his wife, without any strife,
Said they never ate a better goose in all their life:
They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones picked the bones O!
Bones O! bones O!
They did very well without fork or knife,
And the little ones picked the bones O!

A was an archer, who shot at a frog;
B was a butcher, he had a great dog;

C was a captain, all covered with lace;
D was a drunkard, and had a red face;
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow;
F was a farmer, and followed the plough;

G was a gamester, who had but ill luck;
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck;

I an innkeeper, who loved to carouse;
J was a joiner, and built up a house;

K was King William, once governed this land;
L was a lady, who had a white hand;

M was a miser, and hoarded up gold;
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold;

O was an oyster girl, and went about town;
P was a parson, and wore a black gown;

Q was a queen, who wore a silk slip;
R was a robber, and wanted a whip;

S was a sailor, and spent all he got;
T was a tinker, and mended a pot;

U was an usurer, a miserable elf;
V was a vintner, who drank all himself;

W was a watchman, and guarded the door;
X was expensive, and so became poor;

Y was a youth, that did not love school;
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.

Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog

OLD Mother Hubbard,
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor Dog a bone,
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor Dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
But when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the alehouse
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The Dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she came back
The Dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
But when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The Dame made a curtsy,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant,"
The Dog said, "Bow-wow."

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties
Whenever he fed,
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

Facing page 33.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

MY father he died, but I can't tell
you how;
He left me six horses to drive in my
plough:
With a wim, wam, waddle oh!
Jack Straw, saddle oh!
Blazey boys, bubble oh!
Under the broom.

I sold my six horses, and I bought
me a cow;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but did
not know how:
With a wim, wam, waddle oh!
Jack Straw, saddle oh!
Blazey boys, bubble oh!
Under the broom.

I sold my cow, and bought me a calf;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but
lost the best half:
With a wim, wam, waddle oh!
Jack Straw, saddle oh!
Blazey boys, bubble oh!
Under the broom.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a
cat;
A pretty thing she was, in my
chimney corner sat:
With a wim, wam, waddle oh!
Jack Straw, saddle oh!
Blazey boys, bubble oh!
Under the broom.

I sold my cat, and I bought me a
mouse;
Set fire to his tail, and he burnt
down my house:
With a wim, wam, waddle oh!
Jack Straw, saddle oh!
Blazey boys, bubble oh!
Under the broom.

I sold my mouse, and I bought me
a wife;
And she cut my throat with a rusty
old knife:
With a wim, wam, waddle oh;
Jack Straw, saddle oh!
Blazey boys, bubble oh!
Under the broom.

A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a
green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so
merry was he.
A naughty boy came with his wee
bow and arrow,
Says he, "I will shoot this little
cock sparrow;

His body will make me a nice little
stew,
And his giblets will make me a little
pie too."
"Oh, no," said the sparrow, "I won't
make a stew."
So he clapped his wings and away he
flew.

LITTLE King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall,
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

How good you be,
One, two, three;
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

THERE was a rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

IF wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride;
If turnips were watches,
I would wear one by my side.

I HAD a little pony,
They called him Dapple-grey;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.

"LITTLE girl, little girl, where have you been?"
"Gathering roses to give to the Queen."
"Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?'
"She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe."

JOHN Cook had a little grey mare;
He, haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare;
He, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuters Bank;
He, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank;
He, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuters Hill;
He, haw, hum!
His mare fell down, and she made her will;
He, haw, hum!

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf;
He, haw, hum!
If you want any more you may sing it yourself;
He, haw, hum!

PIPING hot, smoking hot,
What I've got, you have not.
Hot, hot pease, hot, hot, hot,
Hot are my pease, hot.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in our alley.
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh! shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

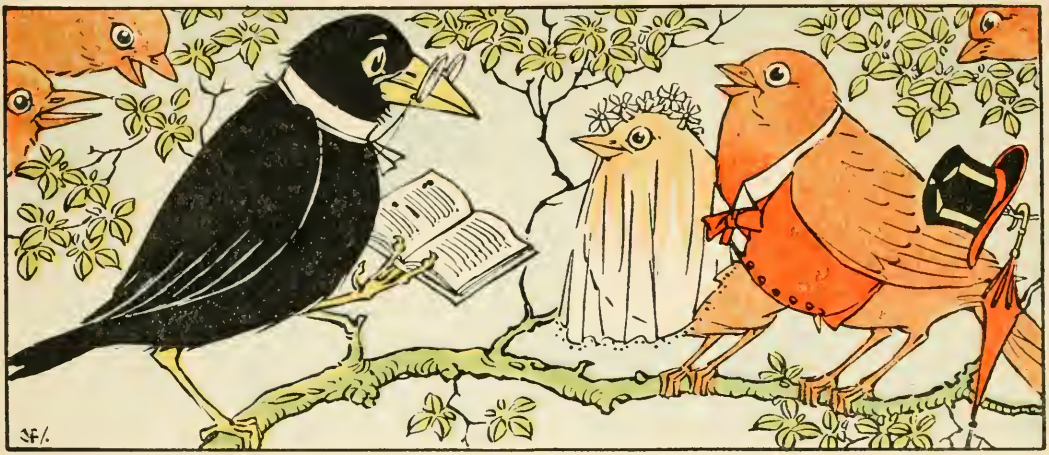
THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
And he saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make;
To roast the little duck,
He'd shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail,
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark;
But he let off his gun,
And he fired too soon,
And the drake flew away with a quack, quack quack.

LITTLE Jack Dandy Prat was my first suitor,
He had a dish, and a spoon, and he'd some pewter,
He'd linen and woollen, and woollen and linen,
A little pig in a string cost him five shilling.

The Marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren



IT was on a merry time
When Jenny Wren was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung.

Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
He was a gallant bird;
He doffed his hat to Jenny,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall dine on cherry pie,
And drink nice currant wine;

"I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or like a peacock gay;
So if you'll have me, Jenny,
Let us appoint the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be to-morrow, Bob,
I take your offer kind;

"Cherry pie is very good,
So is currant wine;
But I'll wear my russet gown,
And never dress too fine."

Robin rose up early
At the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
To sing a roundelay.

He sang of Robin's love
For little Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
Then he began again.

The birds were asked to dine;
Not Jenny's friends alone,
But every pretty songster
That had Cock Robin known.

They had a cherry pie,
Besides some currant wine;
And every guest brought something,
That sumptuous they might dine.

They each took a bumper,
And drank to the pair,—
Cock Robin the bridegroom,
And Jenny the fair.

WHO killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish,
I caught his blood."

Who'll make his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud."

Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my spade and shou'l,
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the Parson?
"I," said the Rook,
"With my little book,
I'll be the Parson."

Who'll be the Clerk?
"I," said the Lark,
"If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the Clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the Kite,
"If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to the grave."

Who'll carry the link?
"I," said the Linnet,
"I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the link."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"For I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll bear the pall?
"We," says the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
"We'll bear the pall."

"Who'll sing a psalm?
"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
"I'll sing a psalm."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull,
So, Cock Robin, farewell."

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard the bell tolling
For poor Cock Robin.

THERE was an old man, and he lived in a wood,
And his lazy son Jack would snooze till noon,
Nor followed his trade although it was good,
With a ball and a stump for making of brooms, green brooms,
With a ball and a stump for making of brooms.

One morn in a passion and sore with vexation,
He swore he would fire the room,
If he did not get up and go to his work,
And fall to the cutting of brooms, green brooms,
And fall to the cutting of brooms.

Then Jack he arose and slipt on his clothes,
And away to the woods very soon,
Where he made up his pack and put it on his back,
Crying, "Maids, do you want any brooms, green broom?
Maids, do you want any brooms?"

HIGH, diddle, ding!
Did you hear the bells ring?
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King!
Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
To see the Parliament soldiers pass by.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a rail,
Niddle naddle went his head, wiggle waggle went his tail.
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a hurdle,
With a pair of speckle legs and a green girdle.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said,
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

WHEN Jack's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was all about?
She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bad him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.

A MAN went a-hunting at Reigate,
And wished to jump over a high gate;
Says the owner, "Go round
With your gun and your hound,
For you never shall leap over my gate."

DICKERY,
dickery, dare,
The pig flew
up in the air;
The man in brown
soon brought
him down,
Dickery,
dickery, dare.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Whisky, whaskey, weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke
Were fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A sportsman chanced to come that way,
Whisky, whaskey, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,
So fiddle, faddle, feedle!"

THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark as blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be:
"I care for nobody—no! not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
And he found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

Simple Simon

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair:
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny";
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

He went to catch a dickey-bird,
And thought he could not fail,
Because he'd got a little salt
To put upon its tail.

He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away;
Says Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."

He went to slide upon the ice,
Before the ice would bear;
Then he plunged in above his knees,
Which made poor Simon stare.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got,
Was in his mother's pail.

He went to ride a spotted cow,
That had a little calf;
She threw him down upon the ground,
Which made the people laugh.

Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare;
He rode an ass about the street,
But couldn't find one there.

Once Simon made a great snowball,
And brought it in to roast;
He laid it down before the fire,
And soon the ball was lost.

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all ran through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

THERE was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone — she lives there still.

The Old Market Woman

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she went to sleep on the King's highway.

There came by a pedlar whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!

"But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lawk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

The Tailor and the Crow

A CARRION crow sat upon an oak,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

Wife, come bring me my old bent bow,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

The tailor he shot, but he missed his mark,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
And he shot his old sow right through the heart;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

Come, wife, come bring me brandy in a spoon,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
For our old sow's fallen in a swoon;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

But the old sow died, and the bells did toll,
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido,
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul;
Sing hi, ho, the carrion crow!
Tiddy fal, the diddle fal, the dido.

"JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive."
"Nay; I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

"If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad;
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had."

"Jacky, come sell thy fiddle,
And buy thy wife a gown."
"No; I'll not sell my fiddle
For ne'er a wife in town."

SING jig my jole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame;
My master he did cudgel me,
For speaking of my dame.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs, downstairs,
In my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him downstairs.

BELL horses, bell horses,
What time o' day,
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Time to away.

SHOE the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

Shoe the wild horse,
And shoe the grey mare,
But for the little foal,
Let her run bare.

"IS John Smith within?"
"Yes, that he is."
"Can he set a shoe?"
"Aye, marry, two.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too."

ONE's none;
Two's some;
Three's a many;
Four's a penny;
Five is a little hundred.

THE barber shaved the mason,
And, as I suppose,
Cut off his nose,
And popped it in a basin.

"OLD woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing?"
"Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very thick of hearing."
"Old woman, old woman, shall I love you dearly?"
"Thank you, very kindly, sir, I hear you very clearly."

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,
Shut the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting.

Nineteen, twenty,
My plate's empty.

IF all the world were paper,
And all the seas were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What could we have for drink?

If all the world were sand-o,
Oh, then, what should we lack-o?
If, as they say, there were no day,
How should we take tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,
And none but had a crack,
If Spanish apes ate all the grapes,
How should we do for sack?

HERE'S A, B, and C,
D, E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,
R, S, T, and U,
V, W, X, Y, and Z,
And here's the child's Dad,
Who is sagacious and discerning,
And knows this is the fount of learning.

LITTLE Brown Betty lived at the Golden Can,
Where she brewed good ale for gentlemen:
And gentlemen came every day,
Till little Brown Betty she hopped away:
She hopped upstairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

OLD Dr Foster
Went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle,
Up to the middle,
And never went there again.

DINGLE, dingle, doosey,
The cat's in the well,
The dog's away to Bellinger,
To buy the bairn a bell.

BARNABY Bright he was a sharp cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir,
But now he's grown old, and can no longer bark,
He's condemned by the parson to be hanged by the clerk.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away did run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
Till he ran crying down the street.

BOYS and girls, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day,
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
Come with your play-fellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a goodwill or not at all,
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A penny loaf will serve us all.
But when the loaf is gone, what will you do?
Those who would eat must work, that's true.

AS I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a man with bandy legs;
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose.

"LITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?"
"Down in the forest to milk my cow."
"Shall I go with thee?" "No, not now,
When I send for thee, then come thou."

OLD Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag,
She would go to Stoken Church Fair:
And then old Father Peter said he would meet her,
Before she got half-way there.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve Queen Bess, our noble queen.
Kitty the spinner,
Will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog.
All good people,
Look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar;
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

DOCTOR Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them he made them dance,
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again!

"WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if I may."
"I'm going to the meadow, to see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help them make the hay."

HOT-CROSS buns! Hot-cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!
But if you have none of these little elves,
Then you may eat them all yourselves.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig;
Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig

WARM hands, warm, the men are gone to plough;
If you want to warm your hands, warm your hands now.

A NICK and a nock,
A hen and a cock,
And a penny for my master.

THE King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

I HAD a little dog, and they called him Buff;
I sent him to the shop for a ha'p'orth of snuff;
But he lost the bag and spilled the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

OH, all you little blackey tops,
Pray, don't you eat my father's crops,
While I lie down to take a nap.
Shua-O!
Shua-O!

If father he perchance should come,
With his cocked hat, and his long gun,
Then you must fly, and I must run.
Shua-O!
Shua-O!

AWAY, Birds, away!
Take a little and leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And then there'll be an end of you.

I HAD a little moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with straw and hay;
There came a proud beggar,
And swore he would have her,
And stole little moppet away.

I SEE the moon and the moon sees me;
God bless the moon and God bless me.

The Jolly Tester

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,
And I took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing;
I love nothing better than my wife.

CURLY locks! Curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

SNAIL, Snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.
Snail, Snail, put out your horns,
And I'll give you bread and barley corns.

Sneel, Snaul,
Robbers are coming to pull down your wall;
Sneel, Snaul,
Put out your horn,
Robbers are coming to steal your corn,
Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

THE cock's on the wood pile a-blowing his horn,
The bull's in the barn a-threshing of corn,
The maids in the meadows are making of hay,
The ducks in the river are swimming away.

SAYS t'auld man to t'oak tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kenned thee,
I was young and lusty, I was fair and dear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year;
But sair failed am I, sair failed now,
Sair failed am I sin I kenned thou.

Tom, the Piper's Son

TOM, he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young,
But all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Over the hills, and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys;
And they all stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
As soon as he played they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced "The Cheshire Round,"
Till the pail was broken and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till her eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

Tom saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes and glass;
He took out his pipe and he played them a tune,
And the poor donkey's load was lightened full soon.

The Ten Little Niggers

TEN little Nigger Boys went out to dine;
One choked his little self, and then there were Nine.

Nine little Nigger Boys sat up very late;
One overslept himself, and then there were Eight.

Eight little Nigger Boys travelling in Devon;
One said he'd stay there, and then there were Seven.

Seven little Nigger Boys chopping up sticks;
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were Six.

Six little Nigger Boys playing with a hive;
A Bumble Bee stung one, and then there were Five.

Five little Nigger Boys going in for law;
One got in Chancery, and then there were Four.

Four little Nigger Boys going out to sea;
A Red Herring swallowed one, and then there were Three.

Three little Nigger Boys walking in the "Zoo";
The big Bear hugged one, and then there were Two.

Two little Nigger Boys sitting in the sun;
One got frizzled up, and then there was One.

One little Nigger Boy living all alone;
He got married, and then there was None.

THERE was a man, and he was mad,
And he jumped into a pea-pod;
The pea-pod was over full,
So he jumped into a roaring bull;
The roaring bull was over fat,
So he jumped into a gentleman's hat;
The gentleman's hat was over fine,
So he jumped into a bottle of wine;
The bottle of wine was over dear,
So he jumped into a bottle of beer;
The bottle of beer was over thick,
So he jumped into a club stick;
The club stick was over narrow,
So he jumped into a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow began to crack,
So he jumped on to a haystack;
The haystack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze.

ROSES are red, diddle, diddle,
Lavender's blue;
If you will have me, diddle, diddle,
I will have you.

Lilies are white, diddle, diddle,
Rosemary's green;
If you are king, diddle, diddle,
I will be queen.

Call up your men, diddle, diddle,
Set them to work;
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle,
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,
Some to cut corn;
Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle,
Keep ourselves warm.

TEN LITTLE NIGGER BOYS.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

BESSY Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses:
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it with rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry:
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

AS I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

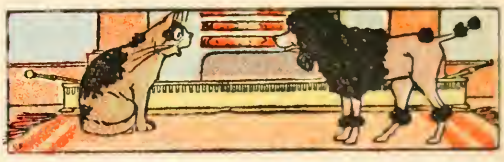
A-MILKING, a-milking, my maid.
"Cow, take care of your heels," she said;
"And you shall have some nice new hay,
If you'll quietly let me milk away."

QUEEN Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as white as a swan,
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me,
You must read one, if you can't read all,
So pray, Master Teddy, deliver the ball.

THE Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round about the town.
Some gave them white bread, some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum cake, and sent them out of town.

I HAD a little Hen, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes, and kept the house clean.
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour;
She brought it home in less than an hour;
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.

A LITTLE boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

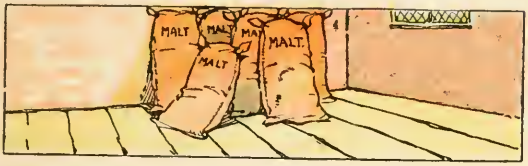


PUSSY sits beside the fire,
How did she come there?
In walks a little dog,
Says—"Pussy, are you there?

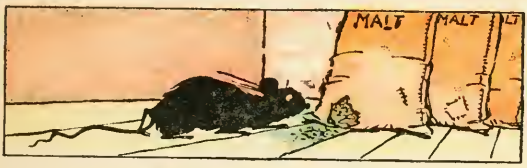
"How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how do you do?"
"I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you."

SEE, see. What shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

THIS is the HOUSE that Jack built.



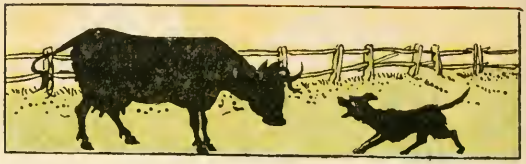
This is the MALT
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the RAT,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the CAT,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the DOG,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the COW with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the MAIDEN all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the MAN all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat.
That killed the rat, that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the PRIEST all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the COCK that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the FARMER who sowed the corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

THERE was a monkey climbed a tree;
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a crow sat on a stone;
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple;
When she ate two, she had eaten a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill;
When he went on, he stood not still.

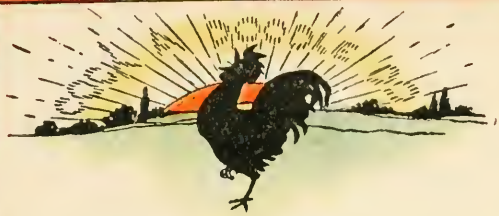
There was a butcher cut his thumb;
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race;
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon;
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle;
When he them stripped, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain;
When it returned, it came again.



THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

For early to bed
And early to rise,
Makes a man healthy
And wealthy and wise.

RAINBOW in the morning,
Skipper's warning;
Rainbow at night,
Skipper's delight.

NO weather is ill
If the wind be still.

HE that would thrive,
Must rise at five;
He that has thriven,
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

WHEN clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a little old man,
Clothed all in leather.

Clothed all in leather,
With a strap below his chin,—
How do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

WHEN the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth;
When the wind is in the West,
Then 'tis at the very best.

A RED sky at night
Is the shepherd's delight;
A red sky in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning.

SOLOMON Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
That is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

MY Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,
Went round about the house, to find
A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the keyhole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered;
From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,—
The same will come, you'll find,—
Take my advice, restrain your tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy Lady Wind.

THE south wind
brings wet weather,
The north wind
wet and cold together,
The west wind
always brings us rain,
The east wind
blows it back again.

THE evening red and
the morning grey
Are the tokens
for a bonny day.

PIT, pat, well-a-day!
Little Robin flew away;
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the Cherry tree?

JACK be nimble,
And Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over
The candlestick.

RAIN, rain, go to Spain,
Fair weather come again.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Willie wants to play.

When I brew and when I bake
I'll give you a figgy cake.

THE North wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He will sit in a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.

WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbour, I pray?
They say the balloon
Is gone up to the moon.

HERE comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Here comes a lusty wooer,
Lily bright and shine a'.

Pray, who do you woo,
My a dildin, my a daldin?
Pray, who do you woo,
Lily bright and shine a'?

For your fairest daughter,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
For your fairest daughter,
Lily bright and shine a'.

Then there she is for you,
My a dildin, my a daldin;
Then there she is for you,
Lily bright and shine a'.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.

JACK Sprat
Had a cat.
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.

IF you are a gentleman,
As I suppose you be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile
For a tickling of the knee.

HEY, dorolot, dorolot!
Hey, dorolay, dorolay!
Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,
Hey, drag away, drag away!

PUNCH and Judy
Fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy
A sad blow on the eye.

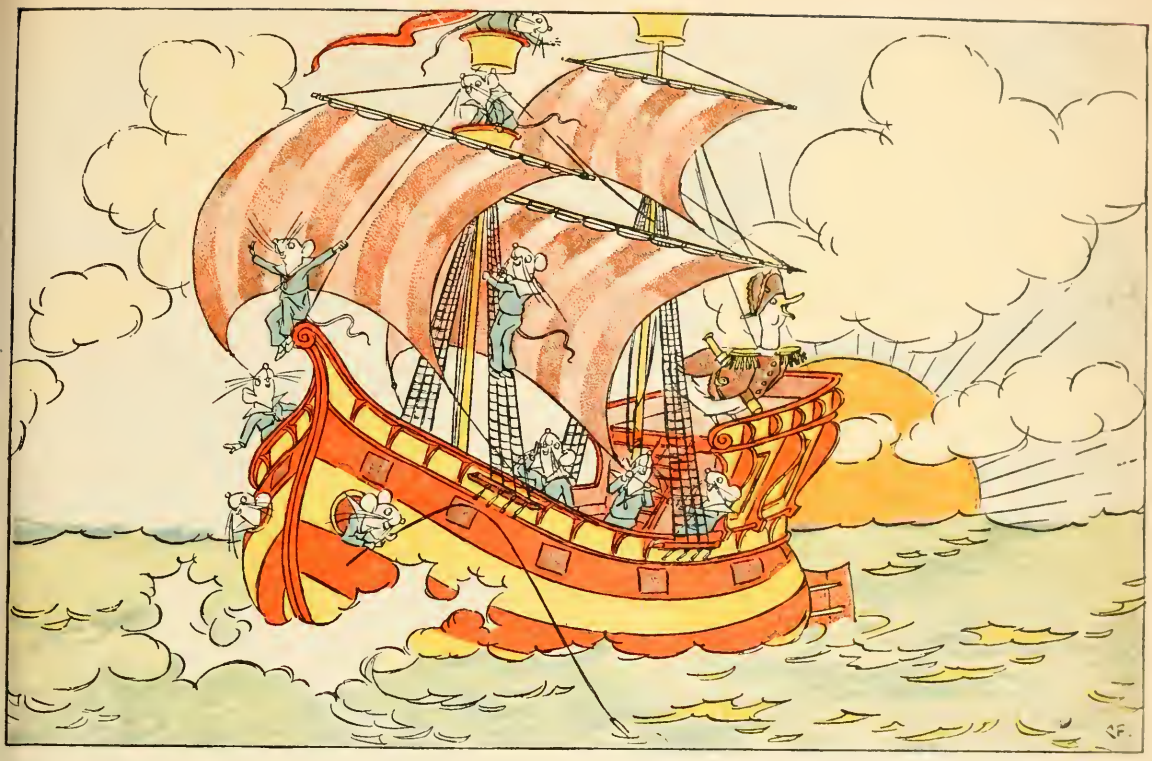
MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And Practice drives me mad.

ROBIN Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood;
Little John, little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore.

THERE was an old Crow
Sat upon a clod;
There's an end of my song,
That's very odd.

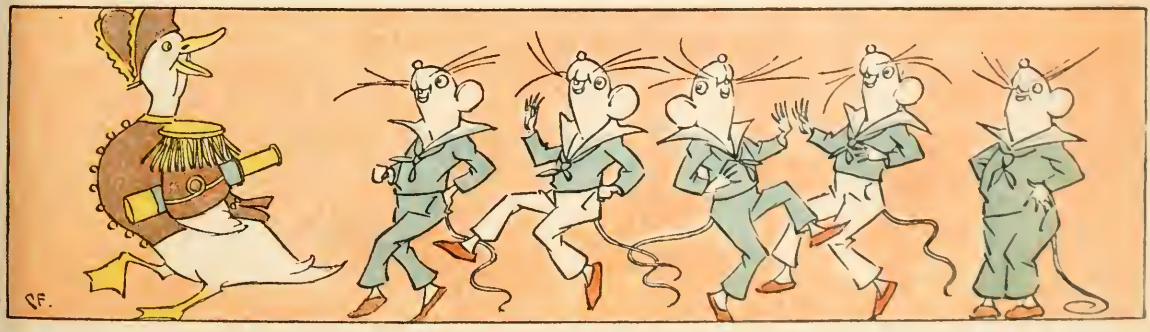


I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee.

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of satin,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck, a duck,
With a jacket on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"



Old King Cole

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his harpers three.
Every harper he had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he.
Twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his harpers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his pipers three.
Every piper he had a fine pipe,
And a very fine pipe had he.
Then tootle, tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his pipers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his drummers three.
Every drummer he had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he.
Then rub-a-dub, a-dub, rub-a-dub went the drummers,
Tootle, tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,
Twang, twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
Twee, tweedle-dee, tweedle-dee went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his drummers three!

OLD KING COLE.

THIS is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
Tri, tre, tre, tree!
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree!

This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-trot, gallop-a-trot!
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hoy, hobbledy-hoy!
This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy!

A FARMER went trotting upon his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried, "Croak!" and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H hid it;
I joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped at it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z and
Amper's and,
They all wished for
A piece in hand.

THE old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,
The dirty clothes to rub, rub, rub;
But when they are clean and fit to be seen,
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.

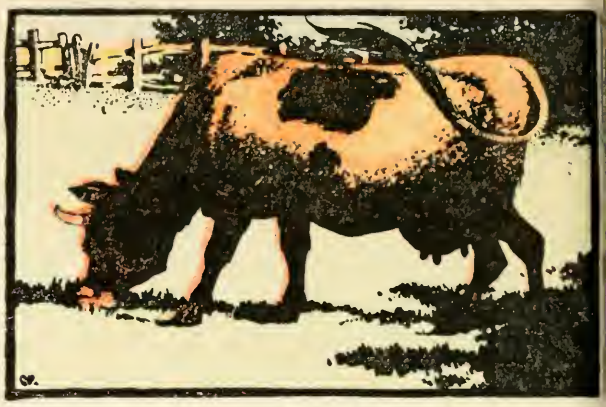
LITTLE Tom Dogget
What dost thou mean,
To kill my poor Colly
Now she's so lean?
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

I'd better have kept her
Till fatter she'd been,
For now, I confess,
She's a little too lean.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

First, in comes the tanner
With sword by his side,
And bids me five shillings
For my poor cow's hide.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the tallow chandler,
Whose brains were but shallow,
And bids me two and sixpence
For my cow's tallow.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the huntsman,
So early in the morn;
He bids me a penny
For my cow's horn.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,



For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the tripe woman,
So fine and so neat;
She bids me three halfpence
For my cow's feet.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

Then in comes the butcher,
That nimble-tongued youth,
Who said she was carrion,
But he spoke not the truth.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

The skin of my Colly
Was softer than silk;
And three times a day
My poor cow would give milk.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

She, every year,
A fine calf did me bring,
Which fetched me a pound,
For it came in the spring.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

But now I have killed her,
I can't her recall;
I will sell my poor Colly,
Hide, horn and all.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

The butcher shall have her,
Though he gives but a pound;
And he knows in his heart
That my Colly was sound.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

And when he has bought her,
Let him sell altogether,
The flesh for to eat,
And the hide for leather.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

There's an end to my Colly,
Now she's dead and gone;
For the loss of my Colly,
I sob and I mourn.
Sing oh! poor Colly,
Colly, my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

SEE a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lie,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

TOMMY kept a chandler's shop,
Richard went to buy a mop;
Tommy gave him such a knock,
That sent him out of his chandler's shop.

MARGERY Mutton-pie and Johnny Bo-peep,
They met together in Gracechurch Street;
In and out, in and out, over the way,
"Oh!" says Johnny, "'tis Chop-nose Day."

AT the siege of Belleisle,
I was there all the while,
All the while, all the while,
At the siege of Belleisle.

PETER White
Will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

Tom Thumb

IN Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,
A man of mickle might,
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight,

His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span;
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man?

His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milked the cow,
Yet how that they might have a son,
They knew not what to do:

Until such time this good old man
To learnéd Merlin goes,
And there to him his deep desires
In secret manner shows.

How in his heart he wished to have
A child, in time to come
To be his heir, though it might be
No bigger than his thumb.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should have;
And so this son of stature small
The charmer to him gave.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape and being such
That men should hear him speak, but not
His wandering shadow touch.

But so unseen to go or come,—
Whereas it pleased him still;
Begot and born in half an hour,
To fit his father's will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,
That he became so tall
As was the ploughman's thumb in height,
And so they did him call—

Tom Thumb, the which the Fairy Queen
There gave him to his name,
Who, with her train of goblins grim,
Unto his christening came.

Whereas she clothed him richly brave,
In garments fine and fair,
Which lasted him for many years
In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,
His shirt a spider's web,
Both light and soft for those his limbs
That were so smally bred;

His hose and doublet thistle-down,
Together weaved full fine;
His stockings of an apple green,
Made of the outward rind;

His garters were two little hairs
Pulled from his mother's eye;
His boots and shoes, a mouse's skin,
Were tanned most curiously.

Thus like a lusty gallant, he
Adventured forth to go,
With other children in the streets,
His pretty tricks to show;

Where he for counters, pins, and points,
And cherry-stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had lost his stock away.

Yet could he soon renew the same,
For then most nimbly he
Would dive into their cherry-bags,
And their partaker be,

TOM THUMB.

Unseen or felt by any one,
Until a scholar shut
This nimble youth into a box,
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be revenged, he took,
In mirth and pleasant game,
Black pots and glasses, which he hung
Upon a bright sunbeam.

The other boys to do the like,
In pieces broke them quite;
For which they were most soundly whipt,
Whereat he laughed outright.

And so Tom Thumb restrained was,
From these his sports and play;
And by his mother after that,
Compelled at home to stay.

Until such time his mother went
A-milking of her kine;
Where Tom unto a thistle fast
She linkéd with a twine,—

A thread that held him to the same,
For fear the blustering wind
Should blow him hence,—that so she might
Her son in safety find.

But mark the 'hap! a cow came by,
And up the thistle eat;
Poor Tom withal, that, as a dock,
Was made the red cow's meat.

Who, being missed, his mother went
Him calling everywhere:
"Where art thou, Tom? Where art thou, Tom?"
Quoth he, "Here, mother, here!

"Within the red cow's stomach here,
Your son is swallowed up:"
The which into her fearful heart,
Most direful dolours put.

Meanwhile the cow was troubled much,
And soon released Tom Thumb;
No rest she had till out her mouth,
In bad plight he did come.

Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plough,
And thereupon him gave

A whip made of a barley-straw,
To drive the cattle on;
Where, in a furrowed land new sown,
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength,
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrion's beak,
Even like a grain of corn,

Unto a Giant's castle top,
In which he let him fall;
Where soon the Giant swallowed up
His body, clothes and all.

But soon the Giant spat him out,
Three miles into the sea;
Whereat a fish took him up,
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught,
And to King Arthur sent:
Where Tom was found, and made his dwarf,
Whereas his days he spent

Long time in lively jollity,
Beloved of all the court:
And none like Tom was then esteemed,
Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deeds of courtship done,
His Highness did command,
That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon his Queen's left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
The King his signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore,
Long time a girdle brave.

How, after this, the King would not
Abroad for pleasure go,
But still Tom Thumb must ride with him,
Placed on his saddle-bow.

Whereon a time when, as it rained,
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept
In at a button-hole, where he
Within his bosom slept.

And being near His Highness's heart,
He craved a wealthy boon,
A liberal gift, the which the King
Commanded to be done.

For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's, being old;
Which was, so much of silver coin
As well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,
With threepence on his back,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His wearied limbs to crack.

So travelling two days and nights,
With labour and great pain,
He came into the house wherein
His parents did remain;

Which was but half a mile in space
From good King Arthur's court,
The which, in eight and forty hours,
He went in weary sort.

But coming to his father's door,
He there such entrance had,
As made his parents both rejoice,
And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron took
Her gentle son in haste,
And, by the fireside, within
A walnut shell him placed;

And then they feasted him three days
Upon a hazel nut,
Whereon he rioted so long,
He them to charges put;

And thereupon grew wondrous sick,
Through eating too much meat,
Which was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eat.

But now his business called him forth,
King Arthur's court to see,
Because, no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops,
Which settled in the way,
His long and weary journey forth
Did hinder and so stay:

Until his careful father took
A birding trunk in sport,
And with one blast blew this, his son,
Into King Arthur's court.

Now he with tilts and tournaments,
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthur's knights
Did him much pleasure show;

As good Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy:
Yet none compared with brave Tom Thumb
For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his lady's sake,
A challenge in King Arthur's court
Tom Thumb did bravely make:

'Gainst whom these noble knights did run,
Sir Chinon and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumb, with matchless might,
Did bear away the best.

At last Sir Lancelot du Lake,
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin,

Which made the courtiers all aghast;
For there that valiant man,
Through Lancelot's steed, before them all,
In nimble manner ran.

Yea, horse and all, with spear and shield,
As hardly he was seen,
But only by King Arthur's self
And his admired queen;

Who from her finger took a ring,
Through which Tom Thumb made way,
Not touching it, in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair
From his fair lady's head,
Not hurting her, whose even hand
Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts;
In Arthur's court there shone,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seen or known.

Now at these sports he toiled himself,
That he a sickness took,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelessly forsook.

When lying on his bed sore sick,
King Arthur's doctor came,
With cunning skill, by physic's art,
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor took
A fine perspective glass, with which
He did in secret look—

Into his sickened body down,
And therein saw that Death
Stood ready in his wasted frame
To cease his vital breath.

His arms and legs consumed as small
As was a spider's web,
Through which his dying hour grew on,
For all his limbs grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be seen;
The loss of which renowned knight
Much grieved the King and Queen.

And so with peace and quietness
He left this earth below,
And up into the Fairy-land
His ghost did fading go:

Whereon the Fairy Queen received,
With heavy mourning cheer,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteemed so dear.

For with her dancing nymphs in green,
She fetched him from his bed,
With music and sweet melody,
So soon as life was fled.

For whom King Arthur and his knights
Full forty days did mourn;
And, in remembrance of his name,
That was so strangely born—

He built a tomb of marble grey,
And year by year did come
To celebrate ye mournful death
And burial of Tom Thumb:

Whose fame still lives in England here,
Amongst the country sort;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.

HICKETY Pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
Hickety Pickety, my fat hen.

LEG over leg,
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over.

NIEVIE, nievie, nicknack,
Which hand will ye tak'?
Tak' the right, or tak' the wrang,
I'll beguile ye, if I can.

BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

THE cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies;
He brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear;
And when he says "Cuckoo!"
The summer is near.

LITTLE Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes!
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on,
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

OH, mother, I shall be married to
Mr Punchinello,
To Mr Punch,
To Mr Joe,
To Mr Nell,
To Mr Lo,
Mr Punch, Mr Joe,
Mr Nell, Mr Lo,
To Mr Punchinello.

THE robin and the redbreast,
The robin and the wren—
If you take out of their nest,
You'll never thrive again.

The robin and the redbreast,
The martin and the swallow—
If you touch one of their eggs,
Bad luck will sure to follow.

I HAVE a little sister, they call her
Peep, Peep;
She wades the waters deep, deep,
deep;
She climbs the mountains high, high,
high;
Poor little creature, she has but one
eye! (*A Star*)

BIRCH and green holly, boys,
Birch and green holly;
If you get beaten, boys,
'Twill be your own folly.

PUSSY-CAT ate the dumplings, the
dumplings;
Pussy-cat ate the dumplings.
Mamma stood by
And cried, "Oh, fie!
Why did you eat the dumplings?"

TIP, top, tower,
Tumble down in an hour.

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out on Sunday;
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks:
"Wilt marry me on Monday?"
To-morrow will be Monday.

GEORGIE Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

POLLY, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

I HAD a cock, and a cock loved me,
And I fed my cock under a hollow tree.
My cock cried—Cock, cock, coo.

I had a hen, and a hen loved me,
And I fed my hen under a hollow tree.
My hen went — Chickle-chackle, chickle-chackle.

I had a goose, and a goose loved me,
And I fed my goose under a hollow tree.
My goose went—Qua'k, qua'k.

I had a duck, and a duck loved me,
And I fed my duck under a hollow tree.
My duck went — Quack, quack, quack.

I had a drake, and a drake loved me,
And I fed my drake under a hollow tree.
My drake went—Ca-qua, ca-qua, ca-qua.

I had a cat, and a cat loved me,
And I fed my cat under a hollow tree.
My cat went — Miaow, miaow, miaow.

I had a dog, and a dog loved me,
And I fed my dog under a hollow tree.
My dog went—Bow, wow, wow.

I had a cow, and a cow loved me,
And I fed my cow under a hollow tree.
My cow went—Moo, moo moo.

I had a sheep, and a sheep loved me,
And I fed my sheep under a hollow tree.
My sheep went—Baa, baa, baa.

I had a donkey, and a donkey loved me,
And I fed my donkey under a hollow tree.
My donkey went—Hee-haw, hee-haw.

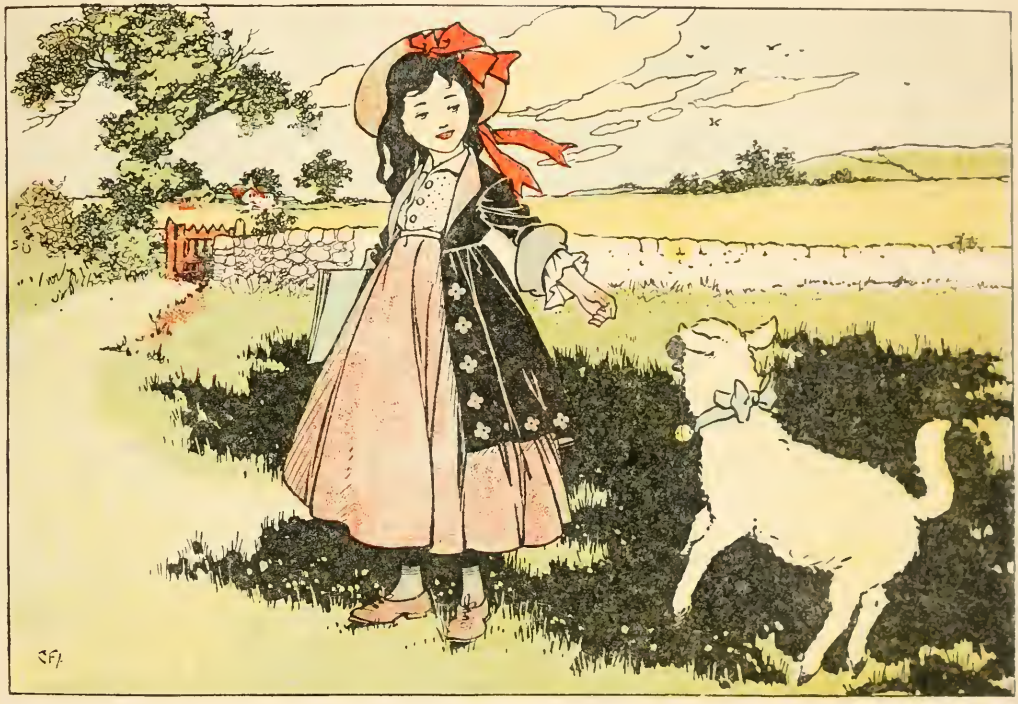
I had a horse, and a horse loved me,
And I fed my horse under a hollow tree.
My horse went—Whin-neigh-h-h-h-h.

I had a pig, and a pig loved me,
And I fed my pig under a hollow tree.
And my pig went—Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh;
My horse went—whin-neigh-h-h-h-h;
My donkey went—Hee-haw, hee-haw;
My sheep went—Baa, baa, baa;
My cow went—Moo, moo, moo;
My dog went—Bow, wow, wow;
My cat went—Miaow, miaow, miaow;
My drake went—Ca-qua, ca-qua, ca-qua;
My duck went—Quack, quack, quack;
My goose went—Qua'k, qua'k, qua'k;
My hen went—Chickle-chackle chickle-chackle;
My cock cried—Cock, cock, coo;
Everybody loves their cock, and I love my cock too!

And so the pig grunted,
The horse neighed,
The donkey brayed,
The sheep bleated,
The cow lowed,
The dog barked,
The cat miaowed,
The drake quacked,
The duck cackled,

The goose gobbled,
The hen chuckled,
The cock crowed,
And my cock cried—Cock, cock, coo;
Everybody loves their cock, and I
love my cock too!

WILLY, Willy Wilkin,
Kissed the maids a-milking,
Fa, la, la!
And with his merry daffing,
He set them all a-laughing,
Ha, ha, ha!



MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and
play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near;
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

"Why does the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you
know!"
The teacher did reply.

LITTLE Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe,
What can little Betty do?
Give her another,
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two.

FOR every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one;
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
Thumbkin, he can dance alone.

Dance, Foreman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one;
For Foreman, he can dance alone,
Foreman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Longman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one;
For Longman, he can dance alone,
Longman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Ringman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one;
For Ringman, he can dance alone,
Ringman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Littleman, dance,
Dance, ye merry men, every one;
For Littleman, he can't dance alone,
Littleman, he can't dance alone.

APPLE pie, pudding, and pancake,
All begin with A.

COME, dance a jig,
To my Granny's pig,
With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy;
Come, dance a jig,
To my Granny's pig,
And pussy-cat shall crowdy.

ARTHUR O'Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land;
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower!

(*The Wind*)

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!
All the four corners round about,
When I get in, when I get out.

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

FIDDLE de dee, fiddle de dee,
The fly has married the humble bee;
Says the fly, says she, "Will you
marry me,
And live with me, sweet humble bee?"

Says the bee, says she,
"I'll live under your
wing,
And you'll never know
That I carry a sting."

So when the parson
Had joined the pair,
They both went out
To take the air.

And the flies did buzz,
And the bells did ring—
Did ever you hear
So merry a thing?

And then to think
That of all the flies,
The humble bee
Should carry the prize.

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake, I'll give you a
cake,
If I am not mistaken.

I CAN make diet bread,
Thick and thin;
I can make diet bread,
Fit for the King.

LITTLE Tee Wee,
He went to sea,
In an open boat;
And while afloat
The little boat bended,
And my story's ended.

IN fir tar is,
In oak none is;
In mud eel is,
In clay none is;
Goat eat ivy;
Mare eat oats.

DOODLE, doodle, doo,
The princess lost her shoe;
Her highness hopped,
The fiddler stopped,
Not knowing what to do.

FRIDAY night's dream
On the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true,
Be it ever so old.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on riee, gruel, and sago;
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this:
"To a leg, sir, of mutton you may
go."

DOODLEDY, doodledy, doodledy
dan!
I'll have a piper to be my good man;
And if I get less meat, I shall get
game,
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy dan!

Tommy O'Linn

TOMMY O'Linn is a Scotsman born,
His head is bald, and his beard is shorn:
He has a cap made of a hare's skin,—
An alderman is Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn has no boots to put on,
But two calves' skins with the hair all gone:
They are split at the side, and the water goes in,—
"It's damp to the feet," says Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheep's skin, and made him a pair:
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,—
"Ah, ha! this is warm," said Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn has no bridle to put on,
But two mice's tails that he hung on:
The bridle broke, and the horse ran away,—
"I'm not so well bridled," says Tommy, "to-day."

Tommy O'Linn has no saddle to put on,
But two sea-urchins' skins, and them he put on:
The urchins' prickles were sharp as a pin,—
"I've got a sore seat," says Tommy O'Linn.

Tom O'Linn's daughter sat on the stair,
"Oh, dear father, gin I be not fair?"
The stairs they broke, and she fell in,—
"You're fair enough now," says Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn had no watch to put on,
So he scooped out a turnip to make himself one:
He caught a cricket, and put it within,—
"It's my own ticker," says Tommy O'Linn.

Tommy O'Linn, his wife and wife's mother,
They all fell into the fire together:
"Oh," says the topmost, "I've got a hot skin"—
"It's hotter below," says Tommy O'Linn.

HE that lies at the stock,
Shall have a gold rock;
He that lies at the wall,
Shall have a gold ball;
He that lies in the middle,
Shall have a gold fiddle.

FEEDUM, fiddledum, fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

DIDDLEDY, diddledy, dumpty;
The cat ran up the plum tree.
I'll lay you a crown,
I'll fetch her down;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

The Babes in the Wood

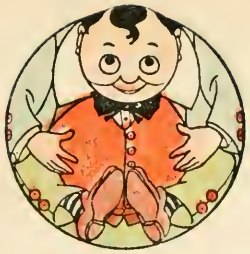
MY dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood,
As I've heard people say.
Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember the babes in the wood?

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.
Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember the babes in the wood?

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
The branches among,
They mournfully whistled,
And this was their song:
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
Oh! don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has eaten the pudding-string.
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

MY father was a Frenchman,
He bought for me a fiddle;
He cut me here, he cut me there,
He cut me right in the middle.



ROBERT Rowley rolled a round roll round;
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but "Fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the bumble bee."
Pipe, cat; dance, mouse;
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

UP street and down street,
Each window's made of glass;
If you go to Tommy Tucker's house,
You'll find a pretty lass.

MY grandmother sent me a new-fashioned three-cornered cambric country-cut handkerchief.
Not an old-fashioned three-cornered cambric country-cut handkerchief,
But a new-fashioned three-cornered cambric country-cut handkerchief.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

ROMPTY-IDDITY, row, row, row!
If I had a good supper, I could eat it now.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe! poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old Nanny-goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting-a-tang, and a-ting-a-tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning.
She had a calf,
And that's half;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.

WHEN elm leaves are as big as a farden,
You *may* plant your kidney beans in the garden;
When elm leaves are as big as a shilling,
It's time to plant kidney beans if you're willing;
When elm leaves are as big as a penny,
You *must* plant kidney beans—if you mean to have any!

"LEND me thy mare to ride a mile."
"She is lamed, leaping over a stile.'
"Alack! and I must keep the fair,
I'll give thee money for thy mare."
"Oh! oh! say you so,
Money will make the mare to go."

THERE was an old woman who had three sons—
Jerry and James and John:
Jerry was hanged, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found;
And there was an end of all three sons—
Jerry and James and John.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow;
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market places;
Turn, cheeses, turn.

OH dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up in an apple tree;
ONE CAME DOWN,
The other stayed till Saturday.

FATHER Short came down the lane:—
"Oh, I'm obliged to hammer and smite,
From four in the morning till eight at night,
For a bad master and a worse dame."

AS I was going up the hill,
I met with Jack the piper;
And all the tune that he could play
Was, "Tie up your petticoats tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
I tied them three times over;
And all the song that he could sing
Was, "Carry me safe to Dover."

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life?
As three blind mice.

WHEN I was a little girl, about seven years old,
I hadn't got a petticoat, to cover me from the cold;
So I went into Darlington, that pretty little town,
And there I bought a petticoat, a cloak, and a gown.
I went into the woods, and built me a kirk,
And all the birds of the air, they helped me to work;
The hawk, with his long claws, pulled down the stone,
The dove, with her rough bill, brought me them home;
The parrot was the clergyman, the peacock was the clerk,
The bullfinch played the organ, and we made merry work.

BARNEY Bodkin broke his nose.
Without feet we can't have toes;
Crazy folk are always mad;
Want of money makes us sad.

TO market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put in the pot;
Threepence a quarter, a groat a side,
If it hadn't been killed, it must have died.

THERE was a little green house,
And in the little green house
There was a little brown house,
And in the little brown house
There was a little yellow house,
And in the little yellow house
There was a little white house,
And in the little white house
There was a little heart.

(*A Walnut*)

AS soft as silk, as white as milk,
As bitter as gall, a thick wall
And a green coat covers me all.

(*A Walnut*)

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a new ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?

And here is a leg for a stocking,
And here is a leg for a shoe,
And here is a kiss for his daddy,
And two for his mammy, I trow.
And why may not I love Johnny?
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny,
As well as another body?

Facing page 74.

THREE BLIND MICE.

A DOG and a cock,
A journey once took,
They travelled along till 'twas late;
The dog he made free
In the hollow of a tree,
And the cock on the bough of it sate.

The cock nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a-crowing,
Upon which comes a fox to the tree;
Says he, "I declare,
Your voice is above
All the creatures I ever did see.

"Oh! would you come down,
I the fav'rite might own."
Said the cock, "There's a porter below;
If you will go in,
I promise I'll come down."
So he went—and was worried for it too.

CLAP hands, clap hands,
Hie, Tommy Randy!
Did you see my good man?
They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken stockings on his legs,
Silver buckles glancin',
A sky-blue bonnet on his head,
And oh! but he is handsome.

IT'S once I courted as pretty a lass,
As ever your eyes did see;
But now she's come to such a pass,
She never will do for me.
She invited me to her own house,
Where oft I'd been before;
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

TOMMY Trot, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw:
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

JENNIE, come tie my,
Jennie, come tie my,
Jennie, come tie my bonnie cravat;
I've tied it behind,
I've tied it before,
And I've tied it so often I'll tie it no more.

WHAT are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails,
And puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of.

What are young men made of?
Sighs and leers,
And crocodiles' tears;
And that's what young men are made of.

What are young women made of?
Ribbons and laces,
And sweet pretty faces;
And that's what young women are made of.

A KID, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the cat, and ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the dog, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the water, and quenched the fire,
That burned the staff
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the butcher, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the Angel of Death, and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

Then came the Holy One, blessed be He!
And killed the Angel of Death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid!

DID you see my love, did you see, did you see?
Did you see my love looking for me?
She wears a straw bonnet, with white ribbands on it,
And a dimity petticoat down to the knee.

CUCKOO, cuckoo,
What do you do?
In April
I open my bill;
In May
I sing night and day;
In June
I change my tune;
In July
Away I fly;
In August
Away I must.

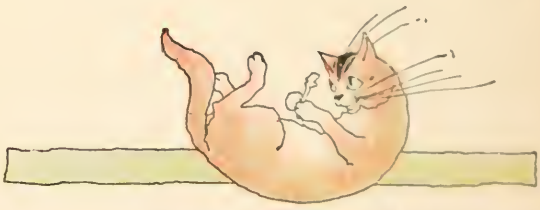
I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,
I gave him some work, and he did it very well;
I sent him upstairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to the chin;
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
He tumbled on his nose and fell into a rage;
I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of beer,
He came up again and said there was none there.

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me:
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.

THIS is the key of the kingdom;
In that kingdom there is a city;
In that city there is a town;
In that town there is a street;
In that street there is a lane;
In that lane there is a yard;
In that yard there is a house;
In that house there is a room;
In that room there is a bed;
On that bed there is a basket;
In that basket there are some flowers.
Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed, bed in the room, room in the house, house in the yard, yard in the lane, lane in the street, street in the town, town in the city, city in the kingdom.

A COW and a calf,
An ox and a half,
Forty good shillings and three;
Is that not enough tocher
For a shoemaker's daughter,
A bonny lass with a black e'e?

HIGH, ding, cockatoo-moody,
Make a bed in a barn, I will come to thee;
High, ding, straps of leather,
Two little puppy-dogs tied together:
One by the head, and one by the tail,
And over the water these puppy-dogs sail.



HIE, hie! says Anthony,
Puss in the pantry,
Gnawing, gnawing,
A mutton, mutton-bone.
See how she tumbles it,
See how she mumbles it,
See how she tosses
The mutton, mutton-bone.

THERE was a king met a king
In a narrow lane.
Says this king to that king,
"Where have you been?"

"Oh! I've been a-hunting
With my dog and my doe."
"Pray, lend him to me,
That I may do so."

"There's the dog, *take* the dog."
"What's the dog's name?"
"I've told you already."
"Pray, tell me again."

HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

THERE was a King, and he had three daughters,
And they all lived in a basin of water;
The basin bended,
My story's ended:
If the basin had been stronger,
My story would have been longer.

PRETTY John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice, too, in plenty,
That feast in the pantry;
But let them stay,
And nibble away;
What harm in a little brown mouse.

MOSS was a little man, and a little mare did buy,
For kicking and for sprawling none her could come nigh:
She could trot, she could amble, and could canter here and there,
But one night she strayed away—so Moss lost his mare.

Moss got up next morning to catch her fast asleep,
And round about the frosty fields so nimbly he did creep:
Dead in a ditch he found her, and glad to find her there,
So I'll tell you by and by how Moss caught his mare.

"Rise! stupid, rise!" he thus to her did say;
"Arise! you beast, you drowsy beast, get up without delay,
For I must ride you to the town, so don't lie sleeping there:"
He put the halter round her neck—so Moss caught his mare.

AS I went over the water,
The water went over me,
I saw two little blackbirds
Sitting on a tree;
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief,
I took up my little black stick,
And knocked out all their teeth.

As I went over the water,
The water went over me.
I heard an old woman crying,
"Will you buy some furmity?"

GRAY goose and gander,
Waft your wings together,
And carry the good King's daughter
Over the one-strand river.

John Ball's Gun

JOHN Ball shot them all.

John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Patch made the match,
John Clint made the flint,
John Puzzle made the muzzle,
John Crowder made the powder,
John Block made the stock,
John Wyming made the priming,
John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

GO to bed first, a golden purse;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant;
Go to bed third, a golden bird!

LITTLE Poll Parrot
Sat in his garret,
Eating toast and tea;
A little brown mouse
Jumped into the house,
And stole it all away.

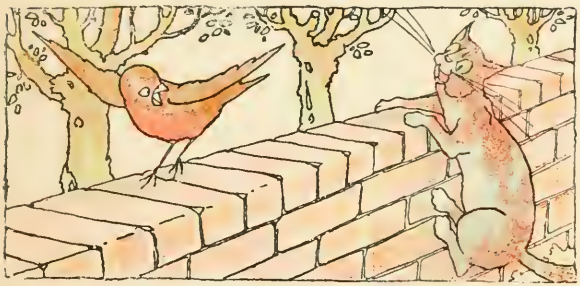
THERE is a bird of great renown,
Useful in city and in town;
None work like unto him can do;
He's yellow, black, and red, and green,
A very pretty bird I mean;
Yet he's both fierce and fell.
I count him wise that can this tell.

THERE was a little one-eyed gunner,
Who killed all the birds that died
last summer.

UP at Piccadilly, oh!
The coachman takes his stand;
And when he meets a pretty girl,
He takes her by the hand:
Whip away for ever, oh!
Drive away so clever, oh!
All the way to Bristol, oh!
He drives her four-in-hand.

WHEN little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon
a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away
Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch
me if you can."



Little Robin Redbreast jump'd upon
a wall,
Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and
almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and
what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin
jump'd away.

CLAP hands, clap hands!
Till father comes home;
For father's got money,
But mother's got none.
Clap hands, clap hands!
Till father comes home.

Clap hands! daddy comes
With his pocket full of plums,
And a cake for Johnny.

TWO little dogs
Sat by the fire,
Over a fender of coal-dust;
Said one little dog
To the other little dog,
"If you don't talk, why, I must."

PUSSY-CAT Mole jump'd over a
coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a
great hole:
Poor Pussy's weeping; she'll have no
more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with
silk.

YOU mustn't sing on Sunday,
Because it is a sin,
But you may sing on Monday,
Till Sunday comes again.

IF you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze
for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a
letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something
better;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweet-
heart to-morrow.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, ree,
A hawk sate up on a tree;
And he says to himself, says he,
"Oh! dear, what a fine bird I be!"

LITTLE Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sold her to the miller;
The miller wouldn't have her,
So he threw her in the river.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and
pins,
When a man marries his trouble
begins.

OH! the grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of a hill,
And he marched them down again!
And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down.

THEY that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame;
They that wash on Thursday
Wash for shame;
They that wash on Friday
Wash in need;
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh! they're sluts indeed.

"I HAVE been to market, my Lady, my Lady!"
"Then you've not been to the fair?" says Pussy, says Pussy;
"I bought me a rabbit, my Lady, my Lady!"
"Then you did not buy a hare," says Pussy, says Pussy.

A SUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.

THE winds they did blow,
The leaves they did wag;
Along came a beggar boy,
And put me in his bag.

He took me up to London,
A lady did me buy;
Put me in a silver cage,
And hung me up on high.

With apples by the fire,
And nuts for to crack;
Besides a little feather bed
To rest my little back.

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

THE Dove says "Coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two."
"Pooh, pooh!" says the Wren "I have got ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen!"

CURR Dhoo, curr dhoo!
Love me, and I'll love you!

A PIE sat on a pear tree,
A pie sat on a pear tree,
A pie sat on a pear tree,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!
Once so merrily hopped she,
Twice so merrily hopped she,
Thrice so merrily hopped she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O!

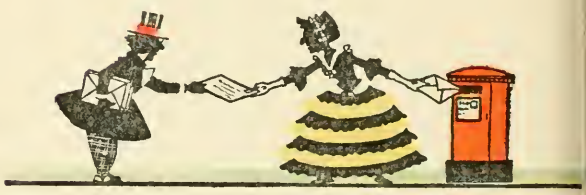
SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and popped her head in:
"What are you doing my little men?"
"Weaving coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no! kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

Says Puss: "You look so wondrous wise,
I like your whiskers and bright black eyes;
Your house is the nicest house I see,
I think there is room for you and me."
The mice were so pleased, that they opened the door,
And Pussy soon laid them all dead on the floor.

"WHEN shall we be married,
My dear Nicholas Wood?"
"We will be married on Monday,
And will not that be very good?"
"What! shall we be married no sooner?
Why sure the man's gone wood!"

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod!
When I got there I gave a great shout,
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
He would not come to my house, I made a little feast;
I had but little, but I would give him some,
For playing of his bagpipes and beating of his drum.

I SELL you the key of the King's garden:
I sell you the string that ties the key of the King's garden:
I sell you the rat that gnawed the string that ties the key of the King's garden:
I sell you the cat that caught the rat that gnawed the string that ties the key of the King's garden:
I sell you the dog that bit the cat that caught the rat that gnawed the string that ties the key of the King's garden.



MR ISBISTER, and Betsy his sister,
Resolve upon giving a treat;
So letters they write,
Their friends to invite,
To their house in Great Camomile Street.

OUR saucy boy Dick,
Had a nice little stick,
Cut from a hawthorn tree;
And with this pretty stick,
He thought he could beat
A boy much bigger than he.

But the boy turned round,
And hit him a rebound,
Which did so frighten poor Dick;
That, without more delay,
He ran quite away,
And over a hedge he jumped quick.

WHAT is the rhyme for porringer?
The King he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

A for the ape, that we saw at the fair;
B for a blockhead, who ne'er shall go there;
C for a cauliflower, white as a curd;
D for a duck, a very good bird;
E for an egg, good in pudding or pies;
F for a farmer, rich, honest, and wise;
G for a gentleman, void of all care;
H for the hound, that ran down the hare;
I for an Indian, sooty and dark;
K for the keeper, that look'd to the park;
L for a lark, that soar'd in the air;
M for a mole, that ne'er could get there;
N for Sir Nobody, ever in fault;
O for an otter, that ne'er could be caught;
P for a pudding, stuck full of plums;
Q was for quartering it, see here he comes;
R for a rook, that croak'd in the trees;
S for a sailor, that plough'd the deep seas;
T for a top, that doth prettily spin;
V for a virgin of delicate mien;
W for wealth, in gold, silver, and pence;
X for old Xenophon, noted for sense;
Y for a yew, which for ever is green;
Z for the zebra, that belongs to the queen.

CHARLEY, Charley, stole the barley,
Out of the Baker's shop;
The Baker came out, and gave him a clout,
And made poor Charley hop.

HERE goes my lord,
A trot! a trot! a trot! a trot!
Here goes my lady,
A canter! a canter! a canter! a canter!
Here goes my young master,
Jockey-hitch! Jockey-hitch! Jockey-hitch! Jockey-hitch!
Here goes my young miss,
An amble! an amble! an amble! an amble!

The footman lags behind to tipple ale and wine,
And goes gallop! a gallop! a gallop! to make up his time.

OLD Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail, which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
(A Needle and Thread)

OLD Grimes is dead, that good old man,
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat,
That button'd down before.

PEMMY was a pretty girl,
But Fanny was a better;
Pemmy looked like any churl,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty nose,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy oft would come to blows,
But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy had a pretty doll,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy chatter'd like a poll,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty song,
But Fanny had a better;
Pemmy would sing all day long,
But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy lov'd a pretty lad,
And Fanny lov'd a better;
And Pemmy wanted for to wed,
But Fanny would not let her.

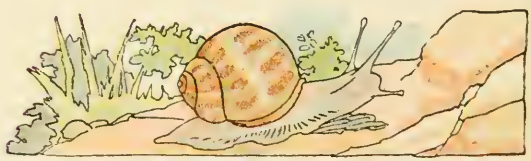
EIGHTY-EIGHT was Kirby fight,
When never a man was slain;
They ate their meat, and drank their drink,
And so came merrily home again.

OVER the water, and over the lee,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy;
And Charley loves a pretty girl,
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley.
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your very best flour,
To make a white cake for my Charley.

A WOMAN, a spaniel, and walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be.

THERE were three sisters in a hall,
There came a knight amongst them all;
Good morrow, aunt, to the one,
Good morrow, aunt, to the other,
Good morrow, gentlewoman, to the third.
If you were my aunt,
As the other two be,
I would say good morrow,
Then, aunts, all three.



SNAIL, snail, shut out your horns,
Father and mother are dead;
Brother and sister are in the back-yard,
Begging for barley bread.

I HAD two pigeons bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day;
What was the reason they did go?
I cannot tell, for I do not know.

I HAD a little cow; to save her,
I turned her into the meadow to graze her:
There came a heavy storm of rain,
And drove the little cow home again.
The church doors they stood open,
And there the little cow was cropen;
The bell-ropes they were made of hay,
And the little cow ate them all away:
The sexton came to toll the bell,
And pushed the little cow into the well!

AS I look'd out o' my chamber window,
I heard something fall;
I sent my maid to pick it up,
But she couldn't pick it all.
(*A Snuff Box*)

I WENT into my grandmother's garden,
And there I found a farthing.
I went into my next door neighbour's,
There I bought a pipkin and a popkin—
A slipkin and slopkin,
A nailboard, a sailboard,
And all for a farthing. (*A Pipe*)

WHEN a Twister a-twisting will twist him a twist;
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

A Mackerel sky,
Is never long dry.

THE robin and the wren,
They fought upon the porridge pan;
But ere the robin got a spoon,
The wren had ate the porridge down.

AS I walk'd by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,—
Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
And said to myself,
In the self-same repartee,—
Look to thyself,
Or not look to thyself,
The self-same thing will be.

DRAW a pail of water
For my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green;
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.
One with a rush! Two with a rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

Sieve my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour;
Put it in a chestnut,
Let it stand an hour.
One with a rush! Two with a rush!
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our toone, in our toone,
There was a man in our toone, and his name was Willy Wood,
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his hat was made of good cream cheese, of good cream cheese, of good cream cheese,
And his hat was made of good cream cheese, and his name was Willy Wood,
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his coat was made of good roast beef, of good roast beef, of good roast beef,
And his coat was made of good roast beef, and his name was Willy Wood,
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his buttons were made of penny loaves, of penny loaves, of penny loaves,
And his buttons were made of penny loaves, and his name was Willy Wood,
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And his waistcoat was made of good pie crust, of good pie crust, of good pie crust,
And his waistcoat was made of good pie crust, and his name was Willy Wood,
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

His breeks were made of haggis bags, of haggis bags, of haggis bags,
His breeks were made of haggis bags, and his name was Willy Wood,
And he played upon an old razor, an old razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

There was a man in t'ither toone, in t'ither toone, in t'ither toone,
There was a man in t'ither toone, and his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon an old ladle, an old ladle, an old ladle,
And he played upon an old ladle, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the good cream cheese, the good cream cheese, the good cream cheese,
And he ate up all the good cream cheese, and his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon an old ladle, an old ladle, an old ladle,
And he played upon an old ladle, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the good roast beef, the good roast beef, the good roast beef,
And he ate up all the good roast beef, and his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon an old ladle, an old ladle, an old ladle,
And he played upon an old ladle, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the penny loaves,
the penny loaves, the penny loaves,
And he ate up all the penny loaves,
and his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon an old ladle, an old ladle, an old ladle,
And he played upon an old ladle, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

And he ate up all the good pie crust,
the good pie crust, the good pie crust,
And he ate up all the good pie crust,
and his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon an old ladle, an old ladle, an old ladle,
And he played upon an old ladle, with my fiddle, faddle, fe fum fo.

But he choked upon the haggis bags,
And there was an end of Aiken Drum.

MY father left me three acres of land,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
My father left me three acres of land,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I ploughed it with a ram's horn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And sowed it all over with one peppercorn,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And reaped it with my little penknife,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I got the mice to carry it to the barn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
And thrashed it with a goose's quill,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

I got the cat to carry it to the mill,
Sing ivy, sing ivy;
The miller he swore he would have her paw,
And the cat she swore she would scratch his face,
Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

The Cock—Lock the dairy door,
Lock the dairy door!
The Hen—Chickle, chackle, chee,
I haven't got the key!

NATURE requires five,
Custom gives seven;
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven.

HUSSY, hussy, where's your horse?
Hussy, hussy, gone to grass!
Hussy, hussy, fetch him home!
Hussy, hussy, let him alone!

AS I was going to St Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St Ives?

THE rule of the road's a paradox quite,
In riding or driving along;
If you go to the left, you're sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong.

I'LL away yhame,
And tell my dame,
That all my geese
Are gane but yane;
And it's a steg,
And it's lost a leg;
And it'll be gane
By I get yhame.

THE pettitoes are little feet,
And the little feet not big;
Great feet belong to the grunting hog,
And the pettitoes to the little pig.

MISS one, two and three could never agree,
While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.

EAT, Birds, eat, and make no waste,
I lie here and make no haste;
If my Master chance to come,
You must fly and I must run.

I HAD a little cow;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and it had a little calf;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle! and there's my song half.

I had a little cow;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle!
I had a little cow, and I drove it to the stall;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle! and there's my song all!

COME, butter, come!
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a butter'd cake;
Come, butter, come!

IN marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold. (*An Egg*)

TWO, four, six, eight,
Mary at the cottage gate,
Eating cherries off a plate,
Two, four, six, eight;
O-U-T spells out goes she.

CATCH him, crow! carry him, kite!
Take him away till the apples are ripe;
When they are ripe, and ready to fall,
Home comes Johnny, apples and all.

HURLY, burly, trumpet trace,
The cow was in the market-place;
Some goes far, and some goes near,
But where shall this poor henchman steer?

A GUINEA it would sink,
And a pound it would float;
Yet I'd rather have a guinea,
Than your one pound note.

WHEN the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day!
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well with Angle-land.

MY maid Mary,
She minds her dairy,
While I go a-hoeing and mowing each morn;
Merrily run the reel,
And the little spinning-wheel,
Whilst I am singing and mowing my corn.

ROBIN-A-BOBBIN bent his bow,
And shot at a woodcock and kill'd a ewe,
The ewe cried Ba, and he ran away,
But never came back 'till midsummer day.

AS I was going o'er Tipple Tine,
I met a flock of bonny swine,
Some green-lap'd,
Some green-back'd;
They were the very bonniest swine
That e'er went over Tipple Tine.
(*Bees*)

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man that would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash that would be!

LITTLE Bob Robin,
Where do you live?
Up in yonder wood, sir,
On a hazel twig.

THE white dove sat on the castle wall,
I bend my bow and shoot her I shall;
I put her in my glove both feathers and all;
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,
If you want any more, sing it yourself.

THERE was an old woman who had three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun;
Rosy and Colin were sold at the fair,
And Dun broke his head in a fit of despair;
And there was an end of her three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun.

HECTOR Protector was dressed all
in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the
Queen.
The Queen did not like him,
Nor more did the King;
So Hector Protector was sent back
again.

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.
(*A Sieve*)

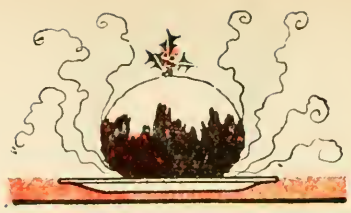
WHAT shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air;
Ev'ry customer has two pair.
(*A Blacksmith*)

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
And peep'd through a nick,
I saw four-and-twenty ladies
Riding on a stick!
(*A firebrand with sparks*)

AS I was going o'er Westminster
Bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar;
He pull'd off his cap an' drew off
his glove,
And wished me a very good-
morrow.
What is his name? (*Andrew*)

THERE was a girl in our towne,
Silk an' satin was her gowne,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name—three times I've
tell'd it. (*Ann*)

AS I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his
throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give
you a groat. (*A Cherry*)



FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain.
Put in a bag and tied round with a
string,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give
you a ring.

I WENT to the wood and got it;
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I
liked it;
And I brought it home because I
couldn't help it. (*A Thorn*)

WHEN V and I together meet,
They make the number Six complete.
When I and V doth meet once more,
Then 'tis they two can make but
Four.
And when that V from I is gone,
Alas! poor I can make but One.

WHEN I was taken from the fair
body,
They then cut off my head,
And thus my shape was altered;
It's I that makes peace between king
and king,
And many a true lover glad:
All this I do and ten times more,
And more I could do still;
But nothing can I do,
Without my guider's will.
(*A Quill Pen*)

"CROAK!" said the Toad, "I'm hungry, I think,
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink;
I'll crawl to a garden, and jump through the pales,
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on snails."

"Ho, ho!" quoth the Frog, "is that what you mean?
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow stream;
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like you."

A PRETTY little girl in a round-eared cap
I met in the streets t'other day;
She gave me such a thump,
That my heart it went bump;
I thought I should have fainted away!
I thought I should have fainted away!

"WHAT do they call you?"
"Patchy Dolly."
"Where were you born?"
"In the cow's horn."
"Where were you bred?"
"In the cow's head."
"Where will you die?"
"In the cow's eye."

AS I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black horse;
They told me it was King Charles the First;
Oh dear! my heart was ready to burst!

A PULLET in the pen
Is worth a hundred in the fen!

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a Snipe flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

SWAN swam over the sea,
Swim, Swan, swim;
Swan swam back again,
Well swam Swan.

LITTLE General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire:
If it catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.

THERE was a piper, he'd a cow,
And he'd no hay to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
"Consider, old cow, consider!"

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of "Corn rigs are bonnie!"

BRAVE news is come to town,
Brave news is carried;
Brave news is come to town,
Jemmy Dawson's married.

THERE was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone and I.
There was a frog lived in a well,
And a merry mouse in a mill,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a-wooing ride,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
This frog he would a-wooing ride,
Kitty alone and I.
This frog he would a-wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse Hall,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse Hall,
Kitty alone and I.
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse Hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come to thee,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come to thee,"
Kitty alone and I.
Quoth he, "Miss Mouse, I've come to thee,
To see if thou can fancy me,"
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth she, "Answer I'll give thee none,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
Quoth she, "Answer I'll give thee none,"
Kitty alone and I.
Quoth she, "Answer I'll give thee none,
Until my Uncle Rat comes home,"
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
And when her Uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone and I.
And when her Uncle Rat came home,
"Who's been here since I've been gone?"
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

"Sir! there's been a worthy gentleman,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
"Sir! there's been a worthy gentleman,"
Kitty alone and I.
"Sir! there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone,"
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone and I.
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

The duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
The duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone and I.
The duck she swallowed him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book,
Kickmaleerie, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

OLD Father of the Pye,
I cannot sing, my lips are dry;
But when my lips are very well wet,
Then I can sing with the Heigh-go-Bet!

HICKUP, hickup, go away!
Come again another day;
Hickup, hickup, when I bake,
I'll give you a butter-cake.

CUSHY cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds;
She worked for the poor
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds!

PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

THREE crooked cripples went through Cripplegate,
And through Cripplegate went three crooked cripples.

Say in one breath:—

MY father he left me, just as he was able,
One bowl, one bottle, one table,
Two bowls, two bottles, two tables,
Three bowls, three bottles, three tables,
Four bowls, four bottles, four tables,
Five bowls, five bottles, five tables,
Six bowls, six bottles, six tables.

A THATCHER of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,
Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchet a-thatching?
If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,
Where's the thatching the thatcher of Thatchwood has thatched?

I WENT to the toad that lies under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing, what would you have more?

HIGGLEDY, piggledy,
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie.
My first is snapping, snarling, growling,
My second's industrious, romping and prowling.
Higgledy, piggledy,
Here we lie,
Pick'd and pluck'd,
And put in a pie. (*Currants*)

HIGHTY, tighty, paradighty clothed in green,
The King could not read it, no more could the Queen;
They sent for a wise man out of the East,
Who said it had horns, but was not a beast! (*Holly*)

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep,
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep. (*A Bed*)

PURPLE, yellow, red and green,
The King cannot reach it nor the Queen;
Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great:
Tell me this riddle while I count eight. (*A Rainbow*)

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the King's horses can't pull it up. (*A Well*)

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still. (*Teeth*)

ELSIE Marley is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
The wife who sells the barley, honey,
She won't get up to serve her swine,
And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

ABOUT the bush, Willy,
About the bee-hive;
About the bush, Willy,
I'll meet thee alive.

CUCKOO, cherry tree,
Catch a bird, and give it to me;
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, rain, or snow

COME when you're called,
Do as you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
Never be chid.

Speak when you're spoken to,
Come for one call,
Shut the door after you,
Turn to the wall.

BABY and I
Were baked in a pie,
The gravy was wonderful hot;
We had nothing to pay
To the baker that day,
And so we crept out of the pot.

ONE to make ready,
And two to prepare;
Good luck to the rider,
And away goes the mare.

One for the money,
And two for the show,
Three to make ready,
And four to go.

I'LL sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any;
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.

AS I went over Lincoln Bridge,
I met Mister Rusticap,
Pins and needles on his back,
A-going to Thorney Fair.
(*A Hedgehog*)

BUZZ, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee;
Buzz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?
He ate the dormouse,
Else it was he.

SOME up and some down,
There's players in the town,
You wot well who they be;
The sun doth arise,
To three companies,
One, two, three, four, make we!

Besides we that travel,
With pumps full of gravel,
Made all of such running leather;
That once in a week,
New masters we seek,
And never can hold together.

TWELVE p$^{ai}_{ea}$rs hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by;
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left eleven there!
(11 *Pairs of Pears and* 1 *Pear*)

I AM a gold lock.
I am a gold key.

I am a silver lock.
I am a silver key.

I am a brass lock.
I am a brass key.

I am a lead lock.
I am a lead key.

I am a monk lock.
I am a mon-key.

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place.

HERE come I,
Little David Doubt;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all out.
Money I want,
And money I crave;
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you all to the grave!

A Bill of Fare

Legomoton,
Acapon,
Alfagheuse,
Pasti venison.

1. I WENT up one pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.

1. I went up two pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.

1. I went into a room.
2. Just like me.

1. I looked out of a window.
2. Just like me.

1. And there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.

MADE in London,
Sold at York,
Stops a bottle,
And is a cork.

(*A Cork*)

A LITTLE old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.

TOM Thumbkin,
Will Wilkins,
Long Daniel,
Bess Bobtail,
And little Dick.

RING-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies;
Hush! Hush! Hush!
We'll all tumble down.

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin, broke the barn;
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn;
Long-back'd Gray
Carried it away;
Old Mid-man sat and saw;
But Peesy-weesy paid and a'.

This broke the barn;
This stole the corn;
This got none;
This went pinky-winky
All the way home.

THE dog of the kiln,
He went to the mill,
To lick mill-dust.
The miller, he came
With a stick on his back—
Home, dog, home!
The foot behind,
The foot before:
When he came to a stile,
Thus he jumped o'er.

WHOOP, whoop and hollow,
Good dogs won't follow,
Without the hare cries "pee wit."

533507

The Play of the Wide-Mouthed, Waddling Frog

BUY this of me.
What is it?
The gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Two pudding ends that will choke a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for
Spain,
I wish them all safe home again;
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With the gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

Buy this of me.
What is it?
Twelve huntsmen with horns and
hounds,
Hunting o'er mine and other men's
grounds;
Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
Some bound for France and some for
Spain,
I wish them all safe home again;
Ten comets in the sky,
Some low and some high;
Nine peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all came there,
I do not know and I do not care;
Eight joiners in a Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all;
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish;
Six beetles against the wall,
Close by an old woman's apple stall;
Five puppies of our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call;
Four horses stuck in a bog,
Three monkeys tied to a clog,
Two pudding ends that would choke
a dog,
With a gaping, wide-mouthed,
waddling frog.

MERRY are the bells, and merry would they ring,
Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry sing-song, happy let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose,
Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your nose;
Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

I AM become of flesh and blood,
As other creatures be;
Yet there's neither flesh nor blood
Doth remain in me.
I make kings that they fall out,
I make them agree;
And yet there's neither flesh nor blood
Doth remain in me.

(*A Quill Pen*)

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

(*Tongs*)

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree.
Oh, whatever can that be?

(*A Star*)

BLACK within and red without;
Four corners round about.

(*A Chimney*)

BLACK we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man:
Tell me this riddle if you can.

(*Coals*)

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand
Five and twenty hands and feet,
All this is true without deceit.

(*Mind the stops!*)

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs!

(*Gloves*)

IF a man who turnips cries,
Cries not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

THERE were three jovial huntsmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.
One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.
One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.
The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said, nay;
The third said it was a pincushion,
With the pins stuck in the wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.
The first said it was a hare,
The second he said, nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.
One said it was an owl,
The other he said, nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
And his beard a-growing grey.

WHISTLE, daughter, whistle, whistle, daughter, dear;
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot whistle clear.
Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a pound;
I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot make a sound.

HERE comes a poor woman from Baby-land,
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake;
One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the king.
Pray, ma'am, will you take one in?

PARSON Darby wore a black gown,
Every button cost half a crown;
From port to port, and toe to toe,
Turn the ship and away we go.

THE first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eighth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Twelve lords a-leaping,
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a-milking,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

MY story's ended,
My spoon is bended:
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door,
And get it mended.

THERE was an old woman called
Nothing-at-all,
Who lived in a dwelling exceedingly
small:
A man stretched his mouth to its
utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old
woman went.

AS I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
I saw St Paul's a-running on wheels,
With a fee, fo, fum!
Then for further frolics I'll go to
France,
While Jack shall sing and his wife
shall dance,
With a fee, fo, fum!

LITTLE cock robin peep'd out of
his cabin,
To see the cold winter come in:
Tit for tat, what matter for that,
He'll hide his head under his wing!

BOBBY Shafto has gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee:
When he comes back he'll marry
me,—
Bonny Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermore,—
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto has a cow,
Black and white about the mow:
Open the gate and let her through,—
Bobby Shafto's ain cow!

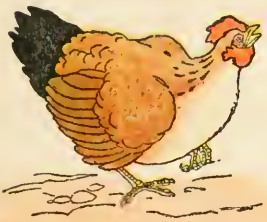
Bobby Shafto has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben:
She lays eggs for gentlemen,—
But none for Bobby Shafto!

Bobby Shafto's looking out,
All his ribbons flee about:
All the ladies gave a shout,—
Hey for Bobby Shafto!

IF you love me, pop and fly:
If you hate me, lay and die.
(*Said to Pips in the Fire*)

AWAKE, arise, pull out your eyes,
And hear what time of day;
And when you have done, pull out your tongue,
And see what you can say.

TOBACCO wick! tobacco wick!
When you're well, 'twill make you sick:
Tobacco wick! tobacco wick!
'Twill make you well when you are sick.



Hen—COCK, cock, I have la-a-a-yed!
Cock—Hen, hen, that's well sa-a-a-yed.
Hen—Although I have to go bare-footed every da-ay.
Cock—Sell your eggs, and buy shoes!
Sell your eggs, and buy shoes!

CONGEALED water and Cain's brother,
That was my lover's name and no other. (*Isabel*)

NUMBER number nine, this hoop's mine;
Number number ten, take it back again.

THERE was an old woman in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon, and night in a hurry;
Called her husband a fool,
Drove the children to school.
The worrying old woman of Surrey.

THERE was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge;
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown,
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
But the best man amongst them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

RIDE, baby ride,
Pretty baby shall ride.
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters;
Two tee-totums totally tired of trying to trot to Tadbury;
Three tall tigers tippling tenpenny tea;
Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies;
Six sportsmen shooting snipes;
Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps;
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe;
Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils;
Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes with ten tenpenny taeks;
Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;
Twelve typographieal topographers typieally translating types.

I SAW a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing comet drop down hail
I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round
I saw an oak creep upon the ground
I saw an ant swallow up a whale
I saw the sea brimful of ale
I saw a Venice glass full fifteen feet deep
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep
I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire
I saw a house bigger than the moon and higher
I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night
I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.

(*Mind your steps.*)

LIAR, liar, lick dish,
Turn about the candlestick.

COBBLER, cobbler, mend my shoe,
And get it done by half-past two:
If half-past two can't be done,
Get it done by half-past one.

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Give it a stitch and that will do:
Here's a nail and there's a prod,
And now my shoe is well shod.

TIT-tat-toe,
My first go,
Three jolly butcher boys
All in a row;
Stick one up, stick one down,
Stick one in the old man's crown!

Eggs, butter, bread,
Stick, stock, stone dead!
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown!

THERE was an old man who liv'd
in Middle Row,
He had five hens, and a name for
them, oh!
Bill and Ned and Battock,
Cut-her-foot and Pattock:
Chuck, my lady Pattock,
Go to thy nest and lay.

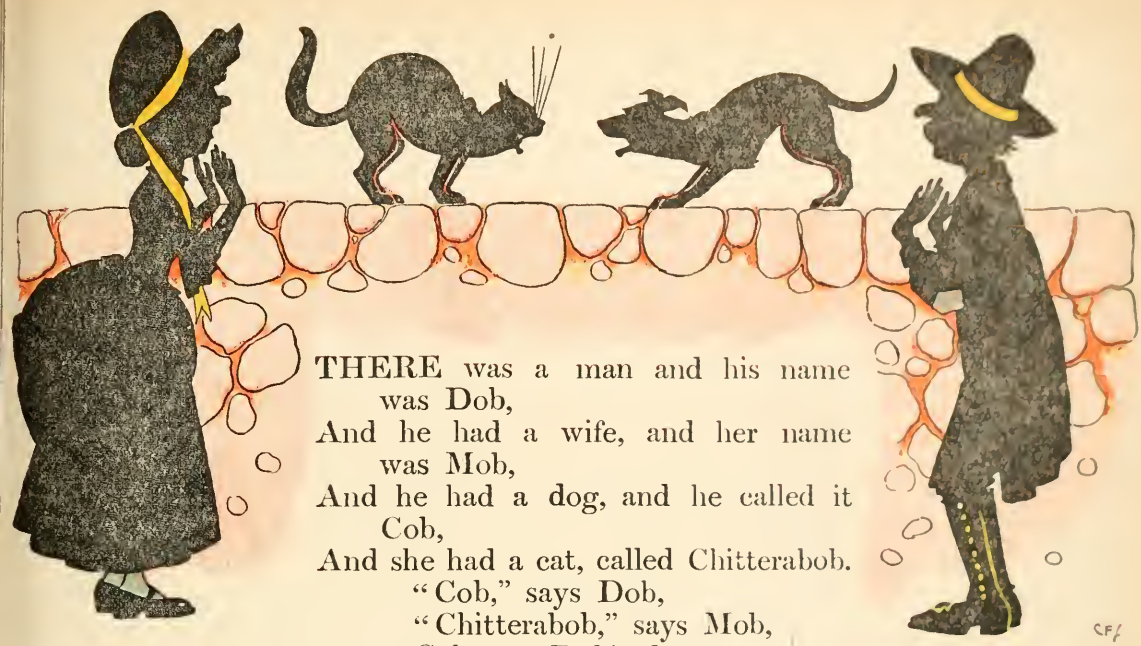
MILLERY, millery, dustipole,
How many sacks have you stole;
Four-and-twenty and a peck,
Hang the miller up by his neck!

THIS pig went to the barn;
This ate all the corn;
This said he would tell;
This said he wasn't well;
This went week, week, week, over
the door sill.

RING the bell!
Knock at the door!
Draw the latch!
And walk in!

BO-peeper,
Nose dreeper,
Chin chopper,
White lopper,
Red rag,
And little gap.

GILLY Silly Jarter,
Who has lost a garter,
In a shower of rain;
The miller found it,
The miller ground it,
And the miller gave it to Silly
again.



THERE was a man and his name
was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name
was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it
Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.
"Cob," says Dob,
"Chitterabob," says Mob,
Cob was Dob's dog,
Chitterabob Mob's cat.

WHEN I went up Sandy Hill,
I met a sandy boy;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a-hanging-o.
(*Gooseberry*)

HOW many miles is it to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

HICKORY, dickory, sacara down!
How many miles to Richmond
town?
Turn to the left and turn to the
right,
And you may get there by Saturday
night.

HYDER-iddle-diddle-dell,
A yard of pudding's not an ell;
Not forgetting tweedle-dye,
A tailor's goose will never fly.

I HAD a little castle upon the sea-
side,
One half was water, the other was
land;
I opened my little castle door, and
guess what I found:
I found a fair lady with a cup in
her hand,
The cup was gold, filled with wine:
Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be
mine!

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go:
Up to the ceiling, down to the
ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and
round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will
sing,
With the merry choral, ding, ding,
ding!

I HAD four brothers over the sea,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie;
And they each sent a present to me,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

The first sent a chicken, without e'er a bone,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie;
The second a cherry, without e'er a stone,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

The third sent a book, which no man could read,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie;
The fourth sent a blanket, without e'er a thread,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

How can there be a chicken without e'er a bone?
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie;
How can there be a cherry without e'er a stone?
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

How can there be a book which no man can read?
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie;
How can there be a blanket without e'er a thread?
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

When the chicken's in the egg-shell there is no bone,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie;
When the cherry's in the bud, there is no stone,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

When the book's in ye press, no man it can read,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie;
When the blanket's in the fleece there is no thread,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Temporie,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

RABBIT, Rabbit, Rabbit-pie!
Come, my ladies, come and buy;
Else your babies they will cry.

TIDDLE, liddle, lightum,
Pitch and tar;
Tiddle, liddle, lightum,
What's that for?

LIVES in winter,
Dies in summer,
And grows with its root upwards!
(*An Icicle*)

HUSH-A-BYE, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weepest thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and be.

AS I was going to market, upon a
market day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever
fed on hay;
On hay, on hay, on hay—
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever
fed on hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir, this
ram was fat before;
This ram was ten yards round, sir,
indeed he was no more;
No more, no more, no more—
This ram was ten yards round, sir,
indeed he was no more.

The horns grew on his head, sir, they
were so wondrous high,
As I've been plainly told, sir, they
reached up to the sky;
The sky, the sky, the sky—
As I've been plainly told, sir, they
reached up to the sky.

The tail grew on his back, sir, was
six yards and an ell,
And it was sent to market to toll
the market bell;
The bell, the bell, the bell—
And it was sent to market to toll
the market bell.

I'LL buy you a tartan bonnet,
And some feathers to put on it,
Tartan trews and a philibeg,
Because you are so like your daddy.

DIBBITY, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
Give me a pancake
And I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditter,
Please to give me
A bit of a fritter.

THERE was a man rode through our town,
Gray Grizzle was his name;
His saddle-bow was gilt with gold,
Three times I've named his name.
(*Gaffer Was*)

TRIP and go, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove,
A-maying, a-playing;
Love hath no gainsaying;
So merrily trip and go,
So merrily trip and go!

HOT boiled beans and very good butter,
Ladies and gentlemen come to supper.

IF "ifs" and "ans"
Were pots and pans,
There would be no need for tinkers!

THERE was an old woman, her name it was Peg;
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork-leg.
The neighbours all pitched her into the water;
Her leg was drowned first, and her head followed a'ter.

RUB-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker;
They all jumped out of a rotten potato,
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!
An apple for the King, a pear for the Queen
And a good toss over the Bowling Green.

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wine, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-U-T, and in again.

HICK-A-MORE, Hack-a-more,
On the King's kitchen-door;
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
Off the King's kitchen-door!
(*Sunshine*)

GREEN gravel, green gravel, your
grass is so green,
The fairest young damsel that ever
was seen.
I'll wash you in milk,
And I'll clothe you in silk,
And write down your name with
A gold pen and ink.
Oh! Sally, dear Sally, your true love
is dead,
He's sent you a letter to turn round
your head.

HOGS in the garden, catch 'em,
Towser;
Cows in the corn-field, run, boys,
run;
Cat's in the cream-pot, run, girls,
run, girls;
Fire on the mountains, run, boys,
run.

MARY had a pretty bird,—
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest notes he always sang,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

AT reck'ning let's play,
And prithee, let's lay
A wager, and let it be this:
Who first to the sum
Of twenty doth come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss.

IT'S raining, it's raining,
There is pepper in the box,
And all the little ladies
Are holding up their frocks.

DINGTY Diddledy, my mammy's
maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid;
Some in her pocket, and some in her
sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

SAW ye aught of my wife
Coming from the market—
A peck of meal upon her back,
A babby in her basket?
Saw ye aught of my wife coming
from the market?

A DOG and a cat went out together
To see some friends just out of town,
Said the cat to the dog,
"What d'ye think of the weather?"
"I think, ma'am, the rain will come
down;
But don't be alarmed, for I've an
umbrella
That will shelter us both," said this
amiable fellow.

WHO liveth so merry in all this land,
As does the poor widow that selleth the sand:
And ever she singeth, as I can guess,
Will you buy any sand, any sand, Mistress?

The cobbler he sits cobbling till noon,
And cobbleth his shoes till they be done:
Yet doth he not fear, and so doth say,
For he knows his work will soon decay.

The broom-man maketh his living most sweet,
With carrying of brooms from street to street:
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,
Than all the day long to do nothing but sing?

The merchant-man doth sail on the seas,
And lie on the shipboard with little ease:
Always in doubt the rock is near,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The chimney-sweeper all the long day,
He singeth and sweepeth the soot away:
Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,
With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The husbandman all day goeth to plough,
And when he comes home he serveth his sow:
He moileth and toileth all the long year,
How can he be merry and make good cheer?

The serving-man waiteth from street
to street,
With blowing his nails and beating
his feet;
And serveth for forty shillings a year,
That 'tis impossible to make good
cheer.

Who liveth so merry and maketh
such sport
As those that be of the poorest sort?
The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,
They gather together by one, two, and
three.

LITTLE Miss Donnet
She wears a big bonnet;
And hoops half as wide
As the mouth of the Clyde.

"FIRE! fire!" said the town crier;
"Where? where?" said Goody Blair;
"Down the town," said Goody Brown.
"I'll go and see't," said Goody Fleet;
"So will I," said Goody Fry.

LITTLE Bob Snooks was fond of his books,
And loved by his usher and master;
But naughty Jack Spry, he got a black eye,
And carries his nose in a plaster.

LITTLE Jack Jingle
He used to live single;
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single and lived with his wife.
Now what do you think of little Jack Jingle?
Before he was married he used to live single.

DARBY and Joan were dressed in black,
Sword and buckle behind their back;
Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
Turn about Darby's company.

FOR want of a nail, the shoe was lost,
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,
For want of the horse the rider was lost,
For want of the rider, the battle was lost,
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost,
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail

ONE, he loves; two, he loves;
Three, he loves, they say;
Four, he loves with all his heart;
Five, he casts away.
Six, he loves; seven, she loves;
Eight, they both love.
Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries;
Eleven, he courts; twelve, he marries.

IN a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife,
Who, believe me, were comical folk;
For, to people's surprise,
They saw with their eyes,
And their tongues moved whenever they spoke!

When quite fast asleep,
I've been told that to keep
Their eyes open they scarce could contrive;
They walked on their feet,
And 'twas thought what they ate
Helped, with drinking, to keep them alive!

WHERE was a jewel and pretty.
Where was a sugar and spicey.
Hush-a-bye, babe, in the cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricey.

Did his Papa torment it?
And vex his own baby will he?
Give me a hand and I'll beat him,
With your red coral and whistle.

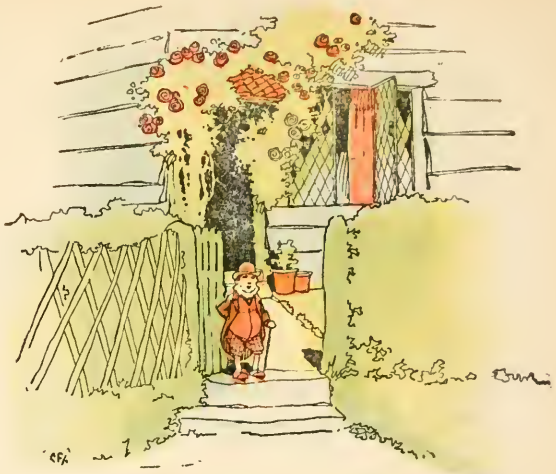
Here we go, up, up, up,
And here we go, down, down, downy,
And here we go, backward and forward,
And here we go, round, round, roundy.

LOVE your own, kiss your own,
Love your own mother, hinny;
For if she was dead and gone,
You'd ne'er get such another, hinny.

LITTLE Johnny Morgan,
Gentleman of Wales,
Came riding on a nanny-goat,
Selling of pigs' tails.

CLAP, clap, handies,
Mammie's wee, wee ain;
Clap, clap, handies,
Daddie's comin' hame,
Hame till his bonny wee bit laddie;
Clap, clap, handies,
My wee, wee ain.

THERE was a little nobby colt,
His name was Nobby Gray:
His head was made of pouce straw,
His tail was made of hay;
He could ramble, he could trot,
He could carry a mustard-pot
Round the town of Woodstock.
Hey, Jenny, hey!



JERRY Hall, he is so small,
A rat could eat him, hat and all.

WHEN the wind blows,
Then the mill goes;
When the wind drops,
Then the mill stops.

LUCY Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon round it.

I WENT to the sea
And saw twentee
Geese all in two rows;
My glove I would give
Full of gold, if my wife
Were as white as those.

IT costs little Gossip her income for shoes,
To travel about and carry the news.

HERE'S Sulky Sue;
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.

The Old Man and his Wife

THERE was an old man who lived
in a wood,
As you may plainly see;
He said he could do as much work
in a day,
As his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman
said,
"If that you will allow,
To-morrow you'll stay at home in
my stead,
And I'll go drive the plough.

"But you must milk the Tidy cow,
For fear that she goes dry;
And you must feed the little pigs,
That are within the sty;

"And you must mind the speckled
hen,
For fear she lay astray;
And you must reel the spool of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took a staff in her
hand,
And went to drive the plough;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow.

But Tidy hinched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose;
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

"Hi, Tidy! ho, Tidy! hi!
Tidy do stand still!
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will."

He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray;
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon,
and the stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn't do a day's work in
her life,
She should ne'er be ruled by he.

THERE was an old woman,
And nothing she had;
And so this old woman
Was said to be mad.
She'd nothing to eat,
She'd nothing to wear,
She'd nothing to lose,
She'd nothing to fear,
She'd nothing to ask,
And nothing to give,
And when she did die,
She'd nothing to leave.

CHARLEY Wag, Charley Wag,
Ate the pudding, and left the bag.

THERE was an old soldier of Bister,
Went walking one day with his sister,
When a cow at one poke,
Tossed her into an oak,
Before the old gentleman missed her.

The Frog and the Crow

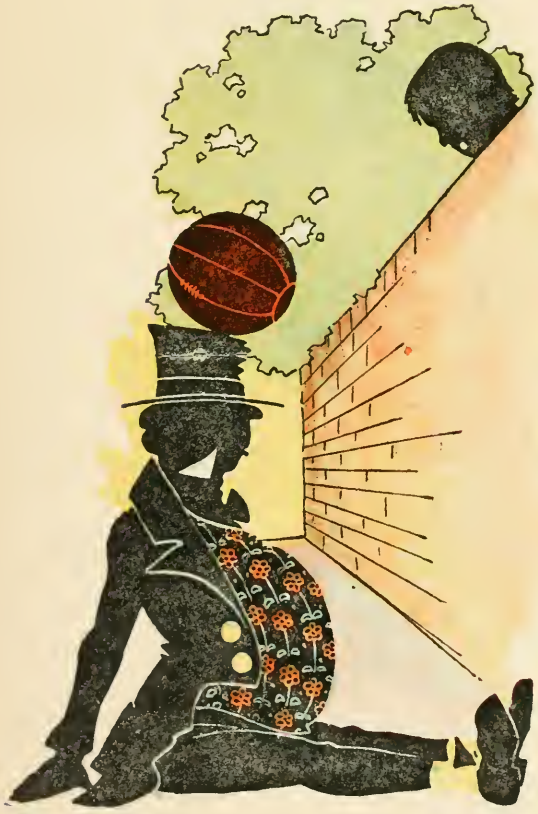
A JOLLY fat frog lived in the river swim, O!
A comely black crow lived on the river brim, O!
"Come on shore, come on shore,"
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!
"No, you'll bite me, no, you'll bite me,"
Said the frog to the crow again, O!
"O! there is sweet music on yonder green hill, O!
And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,
All in yellow, all in yellow,"
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!
"All in yellow, all in yellow,"
Said the frog to the crow again, O!
"Farewell, ye little fishes, that in the river swim, O!
I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow."
"O beware! O beware!"
Said the fish to the frog, and then, O!
"I'll take care, I'll take care,"
Said the frog to the fish again, O!
The frog began a-swimming, a-swimming to land, O!
And the crow began jumping to give him his hand, O!
"Sir, you're welcome! Sir, you're welcome!"
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!
"Sir, I thank you! Sir, I thank you!"
Said the frog to the crow again, O!
"But where is the sweet music on yonder green hill, O?
And where are all the dancers, the dancers in yellow,
All in yellow, all in yellow?"
Said the frog to the crow, and then, O!
"Sir, they're here! Sir, they're here!"
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O! . . . . .

[And the crow swallows the frog.

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

ROSEMARY green, and lavender blue,
Thyme and sweet marjoram, hyssop and rue.



WEAR you a hat, or wear you a crown,
All that goes up must surely come down.

"WHERE have you been all the day,
My boy, Willy?
Where have you been all the day,
My boy, Willy?"
"I've been all the day
Courting of a lady gay;
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her Mammy."

"What work can she do,
My boy, Willy?
Can she bake and can she brew,
My boy, Willy?"
"She can brew and she can bake,
And she can make our wedding-cake;
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her Mammy."

"What age may she be,
My boy, Willy?
What age may she be,
My boy, Willy?"
"Twice two, twice seven,
Twice ten, twice eleven;
But oh! she's too young
To be taken from her Mammy."

THERE was a little woman, as I've been told,
Who was not very young, nor yet very old;
Now this little woman her living got
By selling codlins, hot, hot, hot!

CACKLE, cackle, Madam Goose!
Have you any feathers loose?
Truly have I, little fellow,
Half enough to fill a pillow;
And here are quills, take one or ten,
And make from each, pop-gun or pen.

PEG, Peg, with a wooden leg,
Her father was a miller;
He tossed the dumpling at her head,
And said he could not kill her.

THERE was an old woman who rode
on a broom,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
And she took her old cat behind for
a groom,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

They travelled along till they came
to the sky,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
But the journey so long made them
very hungry,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says Tom cat, "I can find nothing
here to eat,"
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
"So let's go back again, I entreat,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

The old woman would not go back
so soon,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
For she wanted to visit the man in
the moon,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says the cat "I'll go back myself to
our house,"
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
"For there I can catch a good rat or
a mouse,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

But says the woman, "How will you
go?"
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
"You shan't have my nag I protest
and vow,"
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

"No, no," says Tom, "I've a place of
my own,"
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
So he slid down the rainbow and
left her alone,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

So now if you happen to visit the sky,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
And want to come back, you Tom's
method may try,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

ONE, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let him go again.
Why did you let him go?
Because he bit my finger so;
Which finger did he bite?
The little finger on the right.

MARGARET wrote a letter,
Sealed it with her finger,
Threw it in the dam
For the dusty miller.

Dusty was his coat,
Dusty was the miller,
Dusty was the kiss
I'd from the dusty miller.

If I had my pockets
Full of gold and siller,
I would give it all
To my dusty miller.

Oh, the little, little,
Rusty, dusty miller!

THE calf, the goose, the bee,
The world is ruled by these three.
(*Parchment, Pens and Wax*)

A WATER there is I must pass,
A broader water never was;
And yet of all waters I ever did see,
To pass over with less jeopardy. (*Dew*)

A HILL full, a hole full,
Yet you cannot catch a bowl full.
(*Mist*)

AS high as a castle,
As weak as a wastle;
And all the King's horses
Cannot pull it down. (*Smoke*)

I'VE seen you where you never were,
And where you ne'er will be,
And yet you in that very same place,
May still be seen by me.
(*Reflection in a Mirror*)

HODDY Doddy,
With a round body,
Three feet and a wooden hat.
What's that?
(*A Three-legged Iron Pot*)

WHAT God never sees,
What the King seldom sees,
What we see every day.
Read my riddle, I pray. (*An Equal*)

I'M in everyone's way,
But no one I stop;
My four horns every day
In every way play,
And my head is nailed on at the top. (*A Turnstile*)

RIDDLE me, riddle me, what is that
Over the head, and under the hat?
(*Hair*)

THE land is white,
The sea is black,
It'll take a good scholar
To riddle me that.
(*Paper and Writing*)

Mrs Bond

"OH, what have you got for dinner,
Mrs Bond?"
"There's beef in the larder, and ducks
in the pond."
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and
be killed,
For you must be stuff'd and my
customers fill'd!

"Pray send us first beef in, Mrs Bond,
And then dress those ducks that are
swimming in the pond."
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and
be killed,
For you must be stuff'd and my
customers fill'd!

"John Ostler, go and fetch me a
duckling or two!"
"Madam," says John Ostler, "I'll try
what I can do."
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and
be killed,
For you must be stuff'd and my
customers fill'd.

"I have been to the ducks which swim
in the pond,
But I found they won't come to be
killed, Mrs Bond.
I cried, 'Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come
and be killed,
For you must be stuff'd and my
customers fill'd.'"

Mrs Bond she flew down to the pond
in a rage,
With her pockets full of onions and
her apron full of sage.
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be
killed,
For you must be stuff'd and my
customers fill'd.

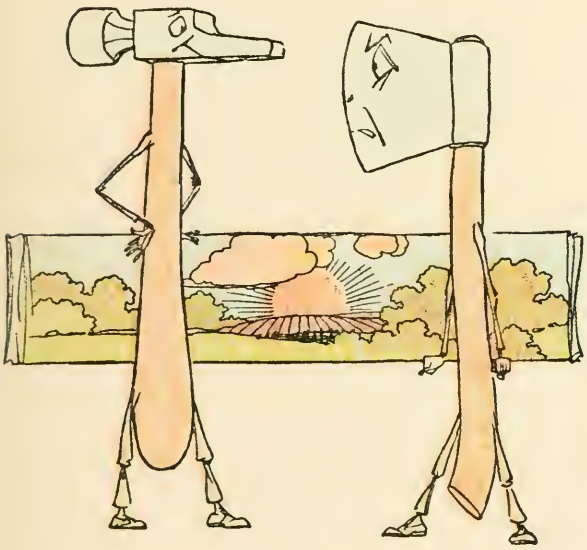
BUTTONS a farthing a pair,
Come, who will buy them of me?
They're round and sound and pretty,
And fit for the girls of the city.
Come, who will buy them of me,
Buttons a farthing a pair?

BOW-WOW, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what sparrows say you know.

So, with sparrows, and owls,
With rats, and with dogs,
With ducks, and with crows,
With cats, and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.



WAS ever heard such noise and clamour!
The hatchet's jealous of the hammer!

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

HEIGH Ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty. I'm half starving!
Mother, pray give me some dinner.

THE hart he loves the high wood,
The hare she loves the hill,
The Knight he loves his bright sword,
The Lady—loves her will.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Sold her old bed to lie in the straw;
Now was she not a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt.

1—He loves me,
2—He don't.
3—He'll have me,
4—He won't.
5—He would if he could,
6—But he can't.
7—So he don't.

UPON St Paul's steeple stands a tree,
As full of apples as may be.
The little boys of London town,
They run with hooks and pull them down;
And then they run from hedge to hedge,
Until they come to London Bridge.

THE fiddler and his wife,
The piper and his mother,
Ate three half cakes, three whole cakes,
And three quarters of another.
How much did each get?
($1\frac{3}{4}$, *for the fiddler's wife is the piper's mother*)

AS white as milk and not milk;
As green as grass and not grass;
As red as blood and not blood;
As black as soot and not soot.
(*Blackberry*)

AS I passed by my little pig-sty,
I saw a petticoat hanging to dry,
Hanging to dry, hanging to dry,
I saw a petticoat hanging to dry.

I took off my jacket and laid it hard by,
To bear the petticoat company,
Company, company,
To bear the petticoat company.

The wind blew high and down they fell,
Jacket and petticoat into the well,
Into the well, into the well,
Jacket and petticoat into the well.

"Oh, oh!" says the jacket, "we shall be drowned,"
"Oh, no!" says the petticoat, "we shall be found";
"Oh, yes!" says the jacket, "we shall be drowned,"
"Oh, no!" says the petticoat, "we shall be found."

The miller passed, they gave a shout,
He put in his hand and he pulled them both out,
Pulled them both out, pulled them both out,
He put in his hand and he pulled them both out.

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys—
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar-horses painted red.

THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

LITTLE ships must keep the shore;
Larger ships may venture more.

HITTY Pitty within the wall,
Hitty Pitty without the wall;
If you touch Hitty Pitty,
Hitty Pitty will bite you.

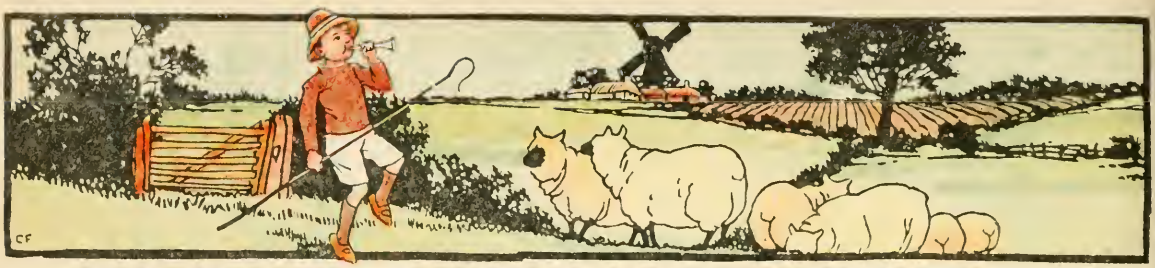
(*Stinging Nettle*)

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can.
With a heighly, gayly, gamberally,
Higgledy, piggledy, niggledy, giggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

THE little priest of Felton,
The little priest of Felton,
He killed a mouse within his house,
And ne'er a one to help him!

FA, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman:
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.



THE miller he grinds his corn, his corn;
The miller he grinds his corn, his corn;
The little Boy Blue comes winding his horn,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The carter he whistles aside his team;
The carter he whistles aside his team;
And Dolly comes tripping with the nice clouted cream,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The nightingale sings when we're at rest;
The nightingale sings when we're at rest;
The little bird climbs the tree for his nest,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

The damsels are churning for curds and whey;
The damsels are churning for curds and whey;
The lads in the fields are making the hay,
With a hop, skip, and a jump.

HERE'S a health to the barley mow;
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both harrow, and plough, and sow.
When it is well sown,
See it is well mown,
Both raked and gravelled clean,
And a barn to lay it in;
Here's a health to the man
Who very well can
Both thresh and fan it clean.

TRIM tram,
Like master, like man.

I LOST my mare in Lincoln Lane,
And couldn't tell where to find her,
Till she came home both lame and blind,
With never a tail behind her.

SNOW, snow faster,
The cow's in the pasture;
Snow, snow, give over,
The cow's in the clover!

COOK* a ball, cherry tree;
Good ball, tell me
How many years I shall be
Before my true love I do see:
One and two, and that makes three;
Thank'ee, good ball, for telling of me.

* *Cook = toss*

Birds' Names

Jack Snipe.
Jenny Wren.
Jack Daw.
Tom Tit and Betty.
Robin Redbreast.
Poll Parrot.
Jill Hooter.
Jack Curlew.
Jack Nicker.
King Harry (goldfinch).
Jacob (starling).
Philip (sparrow).
Ralph (raven).
All birds—Dick.

AT Brill-on-the-Hill
The wind blows shrill,
The cook no meat can dress;
At Stow-in-the-Wold
The wind blows cold—
I know no more than this.

LITTLE Tom Tacket sits upon his cracket.
Half-a-yard of cloth will make him a jacket—
Make him a jacket and breeches to the knee;
And if you will not have him, you may let him be.

A BRIDGE between
Keeps friendship green.

EAT at pleasure,
Drink by measure.

PUSSY cat high, pussy cat low,
Pussy cat is a fine teazer of tow.

JACKIE boy, ho boy, news!
The cat is in the well;
Let us ring now for her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong bell.

THE Quaker's wife sat down to bake,
Wi' a' her bairns aboot her:
She made them ev'ry one a cake,
And the Miller he wants his mouter.

Sugar and spice and a' things nice,
And a' things vera guid in it;
And then the Quaker sat down to play
A tune upon the spinet.

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker;
Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker.

BUCKEE, Buckee, Biddy Bene,
Is the way now fair and clean?
Is the goosey gone to nest,
And the foxy gone to rest?
Shall I come away?

THERE was an old couple, and they were poor,
Fa la, fa la la lee!
They lived in a house that had but one door.
Oh! what a poor couple were they.

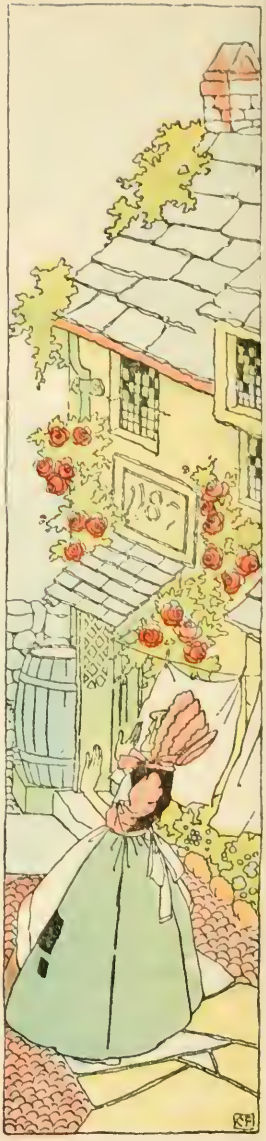
The old man once he went far from his home,
Fa la, fa la la lee!
The old woman afraid was to stay alone.
Oh! what a weak woman was she.

The old man he came home at last,
Fa la, fa la la lee!
And found the windows and door all fast.
"Oh! what is the matter?" quoth he.

"Oh! I have been sick since you have been gone,"
Fa la, fa la la lee!
"If you'd been in the garden, you'd heard me groan."
"Oh! I'm sorry for that," quoth he.

"I have a request to make unto thee,"
Fa la, fa la la lee!
"To pluck me an apple from yonder tree."
"Ay, that will I, marry!" quoth he.

The old man tried to get up in the tree,
Fa la, fa la la lee!
But the ladder it fell, and down tumbled he.
"That's cleverly done," said she.



ON Saturday night it shall be my care,
To powder my locks and curl my hair.
On Sunday morning my love will come in,
When he will marry me with a gold ring.

"HOW do you do, neighbour?
Neighbour, how do you do?"
"I am pretty well."
"And how does Cousin Sue do?"
"She's pretty well,
And sends her duty to you;
So does bonnie Nell."
"Good lack! how does she do?"

HOW many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THE Cuckoo comes in April,
Stops all the month of May,
Sings a song at Midsummer,
And then he goes away.

WHEN the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,
Sell your cow and buy your corn;
But when she comes to the full bit,
Sell your corn and buy your sheep.

TO-MORROW come never,
When two Sundays come together.

BLUE eye, beauty;
Grey eye, greedy;
Black eye, blackie;
Brown eye, brownie.

LILLY low, lilly low, set up on end,
See little baby go out at town end.
(*A Candle*)

TWO brothers we are,
Great burdens we bear,
All day we are bitterly pressed;
Yet this I must say,
We are full all the day,
And empty when we go to rest.
(*Shoes*)

IT'S time, I believe,
For us to get leave;
The little dog says—
It isn't, it is; it isn't, it is, etc.

ALL the bairns unborn will rue the day
That the Isle of Man was sold away;
And there's ne'er a wife that loves a dram
But what will lament for the Isle of Man.

ROUND the house and round the house,
And there lies a white glove in the window.
(*Snow*)

LITTLE John Jiggy Jag,
He rode a penny nag,
And went to Wigan to woo:
When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck,—
Johnny, how dost thou now?

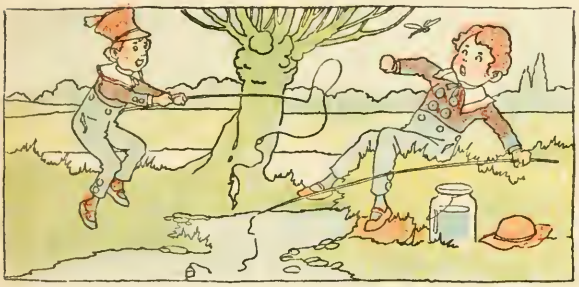
I made him a hat,
Of my coat lap,
And stockings of pearly blue;
A hat and a feather,
To keep out cold weather,
So Johnny, how dost thou now?

I MARRIED my wife by the light
of the moon,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
She never gets up until it is noon,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

And when she gets up, she is slovenly
laced,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
She takes up the poker to roll out
the paste,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

She churns her butter in a boot,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
And instead of a churn-staff she puts
in her foot,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

She lays her cheese on the scullery
shelf,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one;
And she never turns it till it turns
itself,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.



DRAGON fly! dragon fly! fly about
the brook,
Sting all the bad boys who for the
fish look;
But let the good boys catch all that
they can,
And then take them home to be
fried in a pan;
With nice bread and butter they shall
sup upon their fish,
While all the little naughty boys
shall only lick the dish.

MISTER East gave a feast;
Mister North laid the cloth;
Mister West did his best;
Mister South burnt his mouth
Eating cold potato.

TRIPPLE Dick upon a stick,
And Sandy on a sow,
Riding away to Galloway,
To buy a pound o' woo'

PEA-POD hucks,
Twenty for a pin;
If you don't like them,
I'll take them agin.

A LITTLE bit of powdered beef,
And a great net of cabbage;
The best meal I have had to-day
Is a good bowl of porridge.

THERE was a naughty boy
And a naughty boy was he,
He ran away to Scotland
The country for to see.

There he found
That the ground
Was as hard,
That a yard
Was as long,
That a song
Was as merry,
That a cherry
Was as red,
That lead
Was as weighty,
That four-score
Was as eighty,
That a door
Was as wooden,
As in England.

So he stood in his shoes,
And he wondered,
He wondered.
He stood in his shoes
AND HE WONDERED.

TO-MORROW the fox will come to town,
Keep, Keep, Keep, Keep, Keep;
To-morrow the fox will come to town,
O keep you all well there.
I must desire you, neighbours all,
To hallo the fox out of the hall,
And cry as loud as you can call,
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!

He'll steal the cock out from his flock,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the cock out from his flock,
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours all, etc.

He'll steal the hen out of the pen,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the hen out of the pen,
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours all, etc.

He'll steal the duck out of the brook,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the duck out of the brook,
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours all, etc.

He'll steal the lamb e'en from his dam,
Keep watch, all the day;
He'll steal the lamb e'en from his dam,
Keep watch, keep watch, I pray.
I must desire you, neighbours all,
To hallo the fox out of the hall,
And cry as loud as you can call,
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!
And cry as loud as you can call,
Whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop! whoop!

The Beggars of Ratcliffe Fair

AS I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was John,
and his wife's name was Jumping
Joan.
So there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Richard, and his wife's name
was Mrs ap Richard.
So there was Richard and Mrs ap
Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Robert, and his wife's name
was Mrs ap Robert.
So there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs
ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was Rice,
and his wife's name was Mrs
ap Rice.
So there was Rice and Mrs ap Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs
ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Jones, and his wife's name was
Mrs ap Jones.
So there was Jones and Mrs ap
Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap
Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was
Lloyd, and his wife's name was
Mrs ap Lloyd.
So there was Lloyd and Mrs ap
Lloyd,
And there was Jones and Mrs ap
Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap
Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap
Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap
Richard,
And there was John and Jumping
Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I
met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was Owen,
and his wife's name was Mrs
ap Owen.
So there was Owen and Mrs ap
Owen,
And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap
Lloyd,
And there was Jones and Mrs ap
Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap
Rice,

And there was Robert and Mrs ap Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was Lewin, and his wife's name was Mrs ap Lewin.
So there was Lewin and Mrs ap Lewin,
And there was Owen and Mrs ap Owen,
And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap Lloyd,
And there was Jones and Mrs ap Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was Shenkin, and his wife's name was Mrs ap Shenkin.
So there was Shenkin and Mrs ap Shenkin,
And there was Lewin and Mrs ap Lewin,
And there was Owen and Mrs ap Owen,
And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap Lloyd,
And there was Jones and Mrs ap Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping Joan,
Merry companions every one.

As I went to Ratcliffe Fair, there I met with a jolly beggare,
Jolly beggare, and his name was Howell, and his wife's name was Mrs ap Howell.
So there was Howell and Mrs ap Howell,
And there was Shenkin and Mrs ap Shenkin,
And there was Lewin and Mrs ap Lewin,
And there was Owen and Mrs ap Owen,
And there was Lloyd and Mrs ap Lloyd,
And there was Jones and Mrs ap Jones,
And there was Rice and Mrs ap Rice,
And there was Robert and Mrs ap Robert,
And there was Richard and Mrs ap Richard,
And there was John and Jumping Joan,
Merry companions every one.

THOMAS and Annis met in the dark.
"I'll give you," said Thomas.
"Give me!" said Annis;
"I prithee, love, tell me what?"
"Some nuts," said Thomas.
"Some nuts!" said Annis;
"Nuts are good to crack."

Thomas and Annis met in the dark.
"I love you," said Thomas.
"Love me!" said Annis;
"I prithee, love, tell me where."
"In my heart," said Thomas.
"In your heart!" said Annis;
"How came you to love me there?"

Thomas and Annis met in the dark.
"I'll marry you," said Thomas.
"Marry me!" said Annis;
"I prithee, love, tell me when."
"Next Sunday," said Thomas.
"Next Sunday!" said Annis;
"I wish it were Sunday now."

IF you love me as I love you,
No knife shall cut our love in two!

THERE'S a lie with a hatchet,
All the dogs in the town cannot match it.

NEW moon, new moon, declare to me,
Shall I this night my true love see?
Not in his best, but in the array
As he walks in every day.

CUT them on Monday, you cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, ill luck will be with you all the week.

A GIFT, a friend, a foe,
A letter to come,
A journey to go.

(*Said to White Spots on the Nails*)

THIS is the cat
That killed the cock,
For waking her
At five o'clock.

And this is the dog
That bit the thief,
For stealing all
His master's beef.

TIT-for-tat,
If you kill my dog,
I'll kill your cat.

THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother, dear, we greatly fear,
That we have lost our mittens."
"What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
Then you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother, dear, see here, see here,
See, we have found our mittens."
"Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have some pie.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
"Oh, mother, dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."
"What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
"Oh, mother, dear, do not you hear
That we have washed our mittens?"
"What! washed your mittens! then you're good kittens;
I smell a rat close by."
Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,
We smell a rat close by.

YOUNG Roger came tapping at
Dolly's window,
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump!
He asked for admittance, she answered
him, "No!"
Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump!
"No, no, Roger, no! as you came you
may go!"
Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump!

IF you find even ash, or four-leaved
clover,
You will see your love afore the day's
over.

SOW in the sop,
'Twill be heavy a-top.

IF the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;
But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather hard as a block.

BURN ash-wood green,
'Tis a fire for a queen;
Burn ash-wood sere,
'Twill make a man swear.

IN time of prosperity, friends will
be plenty;
In time of adversity, not one in
twenty.

GIVE a thing, take a thing;
That's an old man's plaything.

THOSE that go my way—butter
and eggs;
Those that go your way—chop off
their legs.

LEFT and right,
Bring good at night.

SPEAK of a person, and he will
appear;
Then talk of the deil, and he'll
draw near.

NETTLE in, dock out,
Dock rub nettle out!

PIPPIN, Pippin, fly away,
Get me one another day.

TINKER, tailor,
Soldier, sailor,
Gentleman, apothecary,
Plough-boy, thief.

This year,
Next year,
Some time,
Never.

Coach,
Carriage,
Wheel-barrow,
Dog-cart.

Big box,
Little box,
Band-box,
Bundle.

Big house,
Little house,
Pig-sty,
Barn.

Magpies

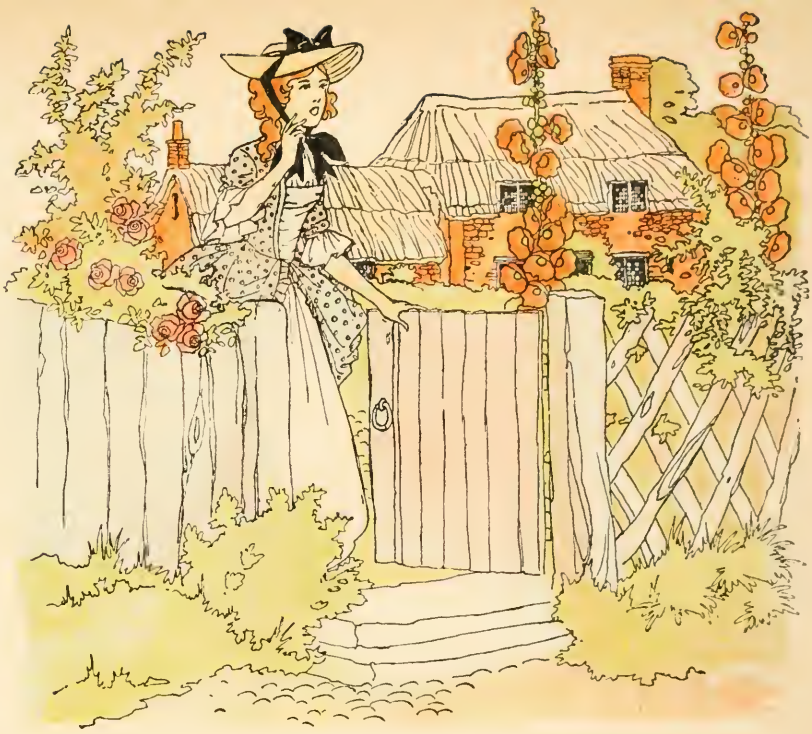
ONE for anger,
Two for mirth,
Three for a wedding,
Four for a birth,
Five for rich,
Six for poor,
Seven for a witch,
I can tell you no more.

Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee,
Turn up thy tail, and good luck fall to me.

Crows.

ONE'S unlucky,
Two's lucky,
Three is health,
Four is wealth,
Five is sickness,
And six is death.

PIGEONS never do know woe,
Till they do a-benting go.



OH, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Johnnie's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, oh! he vowed he would tease me;
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair.
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Johnnie's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonnie brown hair.
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Johnnie's so long at the fair.

HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the King's horses and all the
King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty to-
gether again.

DRIDDLETY drum, driddlety drum,
There you see the beggars are come;
Some are here, and some are there,
And some are gone to Chidley Fair.

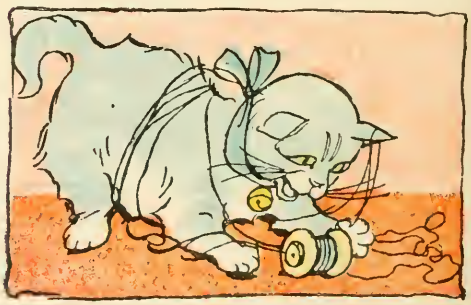
JACK in the pulpit, out and in,
Sold his wife for a twopenny pin.

HEY diddle, dinketty, poppety, pet,
The merchants of London they wear
scarlet,
Silk in the collar, and gold in the
hem,
So merrily march the merchantmen.

BLUE is true,
Yellow's jealous,
Green's forsaken,
Red's brazen,
White is love,
And Black is death.

HE that hath it and will not keep it,
He that wanteth it and will not
seek it,
He that drinketh and is not dry,
Shall want money as well as I.

AS foolish as monkeys till twenty and
more,
As bold as a lion till forty and four;
As cunning as foxes till threescore
and ten,
We then become asses, and are no
more men.



PUSSY-CAT, wussicat, with a white
foot,
When is your wedding, for I'll come
to 't?
The beer's to brew, the bread's to
bake,
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too
late.

I HAD a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

IN good King Arthur's days,
He was a merry king,
He turned three servants out of doors
Because they wouldn't sing.

The first he was a miller,
The second he was a weaver,
The third he was a little tailor;
Three thieving rogues together.

The miller he stole corn,
The weaver he stole yarn,
The little tailor he stole broadcloth
To keep these three rogues warm.

The miller was drowned in his dam,
The weaver was hanged in his farm,
The devil ran off with the little tailor
With his broadcloth under his arm.

GOOD Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
When bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came:
We'll pepper their bodies,
Their peaceable noddies,
And give them a crack on the crown!

AS little Jenny Wren
  Was sitting by her shed,
She waggled with her tail,
  And nodded with her head.

She waggled with her tail,
  And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren
  Was sitting by the shed.

TWEEDLE-DUM and Tweedle-dee
  Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
  Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
  As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
  They quite forgot their quarrel.

ONCE I saw a little bird
  Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, little bird,
  Will you stop, stop, stop?
And was going to the window
  To say How do you do?
But he shook his little tail,
  And far away he flew.

INTO my house came neighbour John,
With three legs and a wooden one;
If one be taken from the same,
Then just five there will remain.
(*A IV-legged Stool*)

JACK-at-a-word ran over the moor,
Never behind, but always before!
(*Will o' the Wisp*)

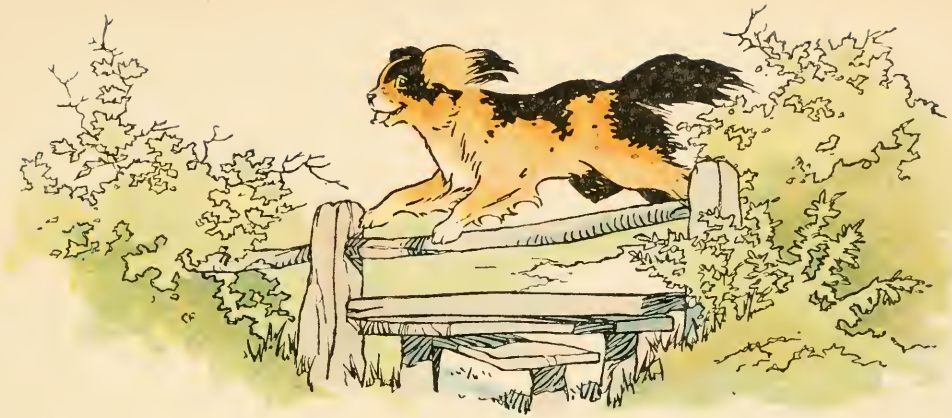
AT the end of my yard there is a vat,
Four-and-twenty ladies dancing in that;
Some in green gowns, and some with blue hats:
He is a wise man who can tell me that.
(*Flax*)

I SAW a fight the other day;
A damsel did begin the fray.
She with her daily friend did meet,
Then standing in the open street,
She gave such hard and sturdy blows,
He bled ten gallons at the nose;
Yet neither seemed to faint nor fall,
Nor gave her any abuse at all.
(*A Pump*)

WILLIAM and Mary, George and Anne,
Four such children had never a man;
They put their father to fright and shame,
And called their brother a shocking bad name.

TWENTY, nineteen, eighteen,
Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen,
Fourteen, thirteen, twelve,
Eleven, ten, nine,
Eight, seven, six,
Five, four, three,
Two, one.
The tenor of the tune plays merrilie.

Little Bingo



A FARMER'S dog leaped over a style,
His name was little Bingo.
B with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O
B-I-N-G-O.
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer loved a cup of good ale,
And called it right good stingo.
S with a T
T with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O
S-T-I-N-G-O.
He called it right good stingo.

The farmer loved a pretty young lass,
And gave her a wedding ring-o.
R with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O
R-I-N-G-O.
Gave her a wedding ring-o.

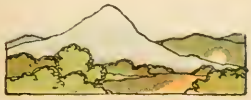
Now is not this a pretty song?
I think it is, by Jingo!
J with an I
I with an N
N with a G
G with an O
J-I-N-G-O.
I think it is, by Jingo!

LINCOLN was, and London is,
And York shall be
The fairest city of the three.

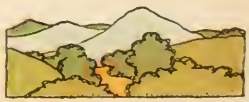
INGLEBOROUGH, Pendle, and Penigent
Are the highest hills betwixt Scotland and Kent.

DICK and Tom, Will and John,
Brought me from Nottingham.

THE tailor of Bicester,
He has but one eye;
He cannot cut a pair of green gala-gaskins
If he were to try.



SKIDDAW, Helvellin, and Castigand
Are the highest hills in all England.



THERE was a little girl, and she
wore a little curl
Right down the middle of her fore-
head;
When she was good, she was very,
very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went upstairs, while her
parents, unawares,
In the kitchen down below were occu-
pied with meals;
And she stood upon her head, on her
little truckle-bed,
And she then began hurray-ing with
her heels.

Her mother heard the noise, and
thought it was the boys
A-playing at a combat in the attic;
But when she climbed the stair, and
saw Jemima there,
She took and she did whip her most
emphatic.

ROBERT Barnes, fellow
fine,
Can you shoe this horse of
mine?
Yes, sir! that I can
As well as any other man,
Here a nail and there a prod,
And now, good sir,
Your horse is shod.

TO-DAY is the saucer,
To-morrow's the cup,
If you don't give us hollies,*
We'll all break up.

* Holidays

JEREMIAH blow the fire,
Puff, puff, puff;
First you blow it gently,
Then you blow it rough.

I WOULD if I could.
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could, could I?
Could you without you could,
could ye?

ONE, two, three, four, five, six,
seven,
All good children go to Heaven.
Penny on the water,
Twopence on the sea,
Threepence on the railway,
Out goes she.

THERE was a bee
Sat on a wall;
He said he could hum,
And that was all.

THERE was an old man in a velvet coat,
He kissed a maid and gave her a groat.
The groat it was crooked and would not go;
"Ah! old man, d'ye serve me so?"

AN apple a day
Sends the doctor away.

APPLE in the morning,
Doctor's warning.

ROAST apple at night,
Starves the doctor outright.

EAT an apple going to bed,
Knock the doctor on the head.

THREE each day, seven days a week,
Ruddy apple, ruddy cheek.

WEE Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his night-gown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock
"Are the children all in bed for it's now eight o'clock?"

A CAT may look at a King,
And surely I may look at an ugly thing.

SHALL I tell you a tale
About a snail?
He jumped in the fire,
And burnt his tail.

Shall I tell you another
About his brother?
Shall I begin it?
That is all that's in it.

WATER-SKIMMING.

A DUCK and a drake,
A nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker;
A hop and a scotch
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

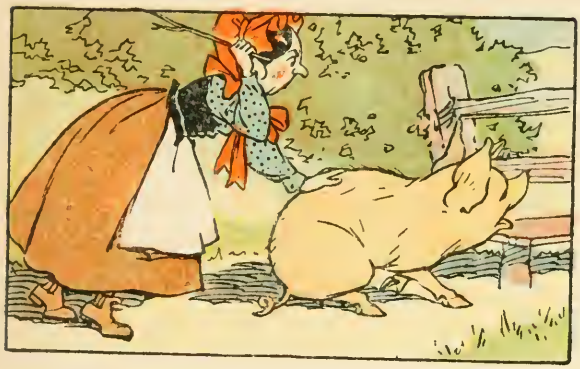
QUEEN, Queen, Caroline,
Washed her hair in turpentine;
Turpentine made it shine,
Queen, Queen, Caroline.

HIXIE, Dixie, hickory bow,
Thirteen Dutchmen in a row;
Two corporals hold a piece of twine
To help the Dutchmen form a line.

THREE times round goes our gallant, gallant ship,
And three times round goes she;
Three times round goes our gallant, gallant ship,
And sinks to the bottom of the sea.

YANKEE Doodle went to town,
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni.

The Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence.



AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence.

"What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig." As she was coming home, she came to a stile; the piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog—

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said—

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said—

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said—

"Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said—

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the style;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

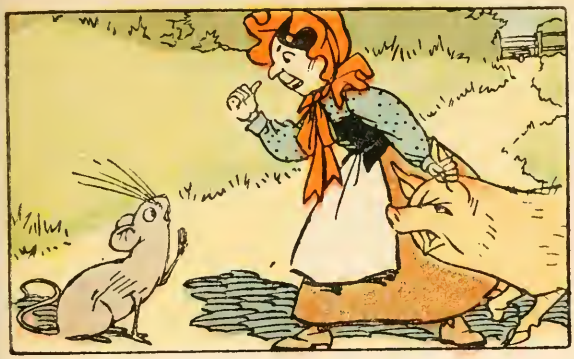
She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said—

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said—

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;



Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said—

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said—

"Cat, cat, kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So away went the old woman to the cow. But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haymakers, and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk."

So away went the old woman to the haymakers. But the haymakers said to her, "If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we will give you the hay."

So away the old woman went; but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers; and they gave her a wisp of hay.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk; and she went with it in a saucer to the cat. As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk—

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig:
The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile;
And so the old woman got home that night.

Season Rhymes

AS the days lengthen,
So the storms strengthen.

WHEN the days begin to lengthen,
Then the cold begins to strengthen.

COLLOP Monday,
Pancake Tuesday,
Ash Wednesday,
Dark Thursday,
Friday's lang but will be done,
And hey for Saturday afternoon.

Shrove Tuesday

GREAT A, little A,
This is pancake day;
Toss the ball high,
Throw the ball low,
Those that come after
May sing Heigh-ho!

A-SHROVING, a-shroving,
I be come a-shroving;
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of doughnuts,
All of your own making.

A-shroving, a-shroving,
I be come a-shroving;
Nice meat in a pie,
My mouth is very dry,
I wish a wuz zoo well a-wet,
I'd sing the louder for a nut.*

* *Nut here is dough-nut.*

Lent Crocking

I SEE by the latch
There is something to catch;
I see by the string
The good dame's within;
Give a cake, for I've none;
At the door goes a stone,
Come, give, and I'm gone.

CARE Sunday, care away,
Palm Sunday and Easter Day.

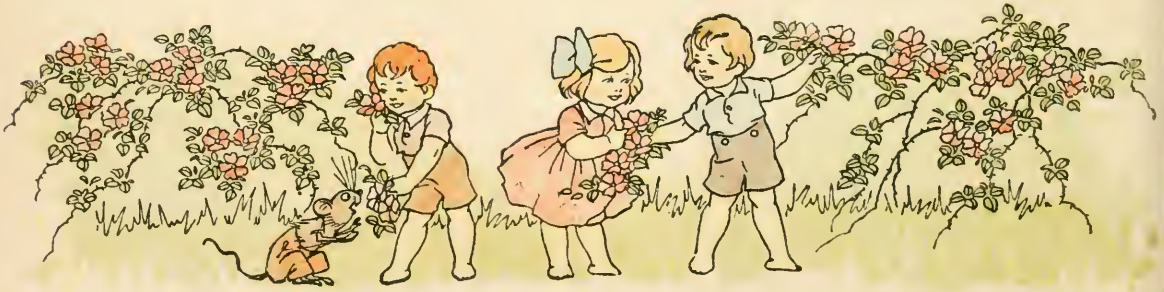
Easter

WHEN Easter falls on Our Lady's lap,
Then let England beware a rap.

Pace-Egging †

HERE'S two or three jolly boys all of one mind,
We've come a pace-egging and hope you'll be kind.
I hope you'll be kind with your eggs and your beer,
And we'll come no more pace-egging until the next year.

† *Pace = Pâques = Easter.*



Youling (Rogation Week)

STAND fast, root; bear well, top;
God send us a youling sop!
Every twig, apple big,
Every bough, apple enow,
Hats full, caps full,
Fill quarter sacks full.

WHITSUN bright and clear
Will bring a fertile year.

"Whitsun rain, blessings for wine,"
"Whitsun wet, Christmas fat."

Harvest Home

HARVEST home, harvest home,
Ne'er a load's been overthrown.

HERE'S a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast;
And I hope to God with all my heart,
His soul in heaven may rest;
That every thing may prosper,
Whatever he takes in hand;
For we be all his servants,
And all at his command.

All Hallow-e'en (October 31st)

HEMPSEED I set,
Hempseed I sow,
The young man that I love,
Come after me and mow.

I SOW, I sow,
Then, my own dear,
Come here, come here
And mow and mow.

WINTER'S thunder
Is the world's wonder.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one;
But Leap Year coming once in four,
February then has one day more.

New Year's Day

WASSAIL, wassail to our town,
The cup is white, the ale is brown:
The cup is made of the ashen tree,
And so is the ale of the good barley.

Little maid, pretty maid, turn the pin.
Open the door and let us come in:
God be here, God be there,
I wish you all a Happy New Year.

I SAW three ships come sailing by,
  Sailing by, sailing by,
I saw three ships come sailing by,
  On New-Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then,
  Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
  On New-Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
  Were in them then, were in them then,
Three pretty girls were in them then,
  On New-Year's Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, and one could sing,
  And one could play on the violin,
Such joy there was at my wedding,
  On New-Year's Day in the morning.

Eve of Twelfth Day

WE drink to thee and thy white horn,
Pray God send master a good crop of corn,
Wheat. rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain;
If alive at the next time, I'll hail thee again!

Twelfth Night Rhymes (January 6th)

KERNEL come, kernel hop over my thumb,
And tell me which way my true love will come;
East, West, North, South,
Kernel, jump into my true love's mouth.

St Agnes Night (January 21st)

THIS knot I knit,
To know the thing I know not yet,
That I may see
The man that shall my husband be,
How he goes, and what he wears,
And what he does all the days.

St Paul's (January 25th)

IF St Paul be fair and clear,
Then betide a happy year.

FEBRUARY fill dyke,
Be it black or be it white;
But if it be white,
It's the better to like.

IN the month of February,
When green leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and sing.

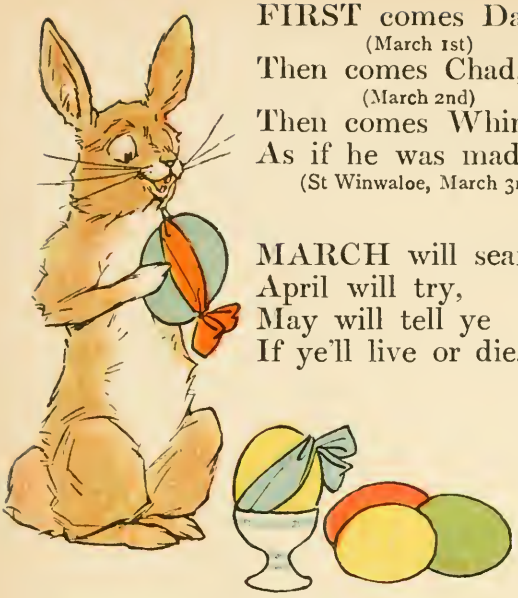
Candlemas Day (February 2nd)

IF Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
If on Candlemas Day it be shower and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.

St Valentine (February 14th)

VALENTINE, O Valentine!
Curl your locks as I do mine;
Two before and two behind,
Good-morrow to you, Valentine.

THE rose is red, the violet's blue,
The honey's sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine,
I drew thee for my Valentine.
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And fortune said it should be you.



FIRST comes David
(March 1st)
Then comes Chad,
(March 2nd)
Then comes Whinwall
As if he was mad.
(St Winwaloe, March 3rd)

MARCH will search,
April will try,
May will tell ye
If ye'll live or die.

MARCH winds and April showers
Bring forth May flowers.

FOOL, fool, April fool!
You learn nought by going to school.

APRIL fool-time's past and gone,
You're the fool, and I'm none!

AN April flood
Carries away the frog and his brood.

MAY DAY (May 1st)

RISE up, fair maidens, fie, for shame,
For I've been four long miles from hame;
I've been gathering my garlands gay,
Rise up, fair maids, and take in your May!

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

A SWARM of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

HE that goes to see his wheat in May,
Comes weeping away.

A COLD May and a windy,
Makes a full barn and a findy.

THE 29th of May is Oakapple Day,
Ring-a-ting-ting! God save the King!

CALM weather in June,
Sets corn in tune.

ST SWITHIN'S (July 15th)

ST Swithin's Day if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St Swithin's Day if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

IN July,
Some reap rye;
In August,
If one will not, the other must.

DRY August and warm
Doth harvest no harm.

SEPTEMBER blow soft
Till the fruit's in the loft.

GOOD October, a good blast,
To blow the hog acorn and mast.

NOVEMBER takes flail,
Let ships no more sail.

ALL SOULS' (Nov. 2nd)

GOD have your soul,
Beens and all.

GUY FAWKES' DAY (Nov. 5th)

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November,
  Gunpowder treason and plot!
For I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
  Should ever be forgot.

A PENN'ORTH of bread to feed
    the Pope,
A penn'orth of cheese to choke him,
A pint of beer to wash it down,
And a good old faggot to burn him.

A STICK and a stake
For King James' sake!
If you won't give me one,
I'll take two;
The better for me,
And the worse for you.

ST THOMAS' DAY (Dec. 21st)

ST Thomas' Day is past and gone,
And Christmas is a'most a-come.
    Maidens arise,
    And make your pies,
And save poor Tailor Bobby some.

ON Christmas Eve I turn'd the spit,
I burnt my fingers, I feel it yet;
The cock sparrow flew over the table;
The pot began to play with the ladle.

I WISH you a Merry Christmas.
And a Happy New Year,
A pantry full of good roast beef,
And a barrel full o' beer.

DAME get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie?
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die?
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut, and they cannot fly,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

BOUNCE Buckram, velvet's dear;
Christmas comes but once a year.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.

GOD bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go;
And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near;
I wish you a Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year.

F.I.N.I.S.

Father Iohnson Nicholas Iohnson's son—
Son Iohnson Nicholas Iohnson's father.

F for Fig
and I for Jig
and N for Knucklebones
I for John the Waterman
and S for Sack of Stones.

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INDEX OF FIRST LINES

AND FAMILIAR TITLES

	PAGE
A, B, C, tumble down D	3
About the bush, Willy	95
A bill of fare	97
A bridge between	125
A carrion crow sat upon an oak	41
A cat came fiddling out of a barn	72
A cat may look at a king	141
A cold May and a windy	148
A cow and a calf	77
A diller, a dollar	44
A dog and a cat went out together	111
A dog and a cock	75
A duck and a drake	141
A farmer's dog leaped over a style	139
A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare	57
A for the ape, that we saw at the fair	83
A fox jumped up one winter's night	30
A frog he would a-wooing go	12
A gift, a friend, a foe	132
A guinea it would sink	89
A hill full a hole full	120
A jolly fat frog lived in the river swim, O!	117
A kid, a kid my father bought	76
A little bit of powdered beef	128
A little boy went into a barn	49
A little cock sparrow	33
A little old man and I fell out	28
A little old man of Derby	97
A long-tailed pig or a short-tailed pig	10
A mackerel Sky	85
A man of words and not of deeds	40
A man went a-hunting at Reigate	39
A nick and a nock	45
A penn'orth of bread	see 149
A pie sat on a pear tree	81
A pretty little girl in a round-eared cap	91
A pullet in the pen	91
A red sky at night	52
A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose	90
A stick and a stake	see 149
A sunshiny shower	81
A swarm of bees in May	148
A thatcher of Thatchwood	94
A was an apple-pie	57
A was an archer, who shot at a frog	31
A water there is I must pass	120
A woman, a spaniel, and a walnut tree	84
Aiken Drum	86
All of a row	73
All the bairns unborn will rue the day	127
A-milking, a-milking, my maid	49
An apple a day	141
An April flood	148
An old woman was sweeping her house	142
Apple-pie, pudding, and pancake	68
April fool-time's past and gone	see 148
Arthur O'Bower has broken his band	68
As foolish as monkeys till twenty or more	136
As high as a castle	120
A-shroving, a-shroving	144
As I looked out o' my chamber window	85
As I passed by my little pig-sty	123
As I walked by myself	85
As I was going along, long, long	49
As I was going by Charing Cross	91
As I was going o'er London Bridge	90 and 100
As I was going o'er Tipple Tine	89
As I was going o'er Westminster Bridge	90
As I was going to market	109
As I was going to St Ives	88
As I was going to sell my eggs	44
As I was going up Pippin Hill	13
As I was going up the hill	73
As I was walking o'er little Moorfields	103
As I went over Lincoln Bridge	96
As I went over the water	78
As I went through the garden gap	90
As I went to Bonner	24
As I went to Ratcliffe Fair	130
As little Jenny Wren	138
As round as an apple, as deep as a cup	95
As soft as silk, as white as milk	74
As the days lengthen	144
As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks	65
As white as milk and not milk	122
At Brill-on-the-Hill	125
At reck'ning, let's play	111
At the end of my yard there is a vat	138
At the siege of Belleisle	59
Awake, arise, pull out your eyes	104
Away, birds, away!	45
Baa, baa, black sheep	9
Baby and I were baked in a pie	96
Baby's face	26
Barber, barber, shave a pig	49
Barnaby Bright he was a sharp cur	44
Barney Bodkin broke his nose	74
Bat, bat, come under my hat	69
Bell horses	42
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray	49
Betty Pringle's pig	29
Birch and green holly, boys	65
Birds' names	125
Birds of a feather flock together	122
Black we are, but much admired	100
Black within and red without	100
Blow, wind, blow!	53
Blue eye, beauty	127
Blue is true	136

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND FAMILIAR TITLES

PAGE

Bobby Shafto has gone to sea 103
Bo-peeper 106
Bounce Buckram, velvet's dear . . . 150
Bow wow, says the dog 122
Bow, wow, wow 6
Boys and girls, come out to play . . . 44
Brave news is come to town 91
Brow, brow, brinkie 26
Buckee, buckee, biddy bene 125
Buff says buff to all his men 96
Burn ash-wood green 134
Burnie bee, burnie bee 64
Buttons a farthing a pair 121
Buy this of me 98
Buzz, quoth the blue fly 96
Bye, baby bumpkin 27
Bye, baby bunting 27
Bye, O my baby! 29

Cackle, cackle, Madam Goose! 118
Calm weather in June 148
Can you make me a cambric shirt? . . . 25
Care Sunday, care away 144
Catch him, crow! carry him, kite! . . . 88
Charley, Charley, stole the barley . . . 83
Charley Wag, Charley Wag 116
Christmas comes but once a year . . . 150
Clap, clap, handies 115
Clap hands, clap hands . . . 75 and 80
Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe . . . 106
Cock-a-doodle-do! 7
Cock, cock, I have la-a-a-yed! 104
Collop Monday 144
Come, butter, come! 88
Come, dance a jig 68
Come, let's to bed 23
Come when you're called 95
Congealed water and Cain's brother . . 104
Cook a ball, cherry tree 125
Counting out rhymes . . 23, 88, 106, 110, 140
"Croak!" said the toad, "I'm hungry, I think" 91
Cross patch draw the latch 11
Crows 135
Cry, baby, cry 26
Cuckoo, cherry tree 95
Cuckoo, cuckoo 77
Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine . 46
Curr dhoo, curr dhoo! 81
Cushy cow bonny, let down thy milk . . 94
Cut them on Monday 132

Daffy-down-dilly 54
Dame get up and bake your pies . . . 150
Dance a baby, diddy 26
Dance, little baby, dance up high . . . 107
Dance, thumbkin, dance 68
Dance to your daddy 26
Darby and Joan were dressed in black . . 114
Death and burial of poor Cock Robin . . 37
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John . . 64
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, doe 110
Dick and Tom, Will and John 139
Dickery, dickery, dare 39
Diddledy, diddledy, dumpty 70
Did you see my love, did you see, did you see? 77

PAGE

Ding, dong bell 4
Dingle, dingle, doosey 43
Dingty Diddledy, my mammy's maid . . 111
Doctor Faustus was a good man . . . 44
Doodle, doodle, do 69
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy dan! . . . 69
Dragon fly! dragon fly! fly about the brook . 128
Draw a pail of water 85
Driddlety drum, driddlety drum . . . 136
Dry August and warm 148

Early to bed . . . . . see 52
Eat at pleasure 125
Eat, birds, eat, and make no waste . . . 88
Eggs, butter, bread . . . . . see 106
Eighty-eight was Kirby fight 84
Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess . . 14
Elsie Marly is grown so fine 95
Every lady in this land 100
Eye winker . . . . . see 26

Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum! 123
Father Johnson, Nicholas Johnson's son . 151
Father Short came down the lane . . . 73
February fill dyke 147
Feedum, fiddledum, fee 70
F for fig 151
Fiddle de dee, fiddle de dee 69
"Fire! fire!" said the town crier . . . 114
First comes David 148
Flour of England, fruit of Spain . . . 90
Fool, fool, April fool 148
For every evil under the sun 67
Formed long ago, yet made to-day . . . 95
For want of a nail, the shoe was lost . . 114
Four and twenty tailors . . . (facing) 104
Friday night's dream 69

Gay go up and gay go down 20
Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie . . . 65
Gilly silly Jarter 106
Girls and boys come out to play . . see 44
Give a thing, take a thing 134
God bless the master of this house . . 151
God have your soul 149
Good October, a good blast 148
Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame . . 137
Goosey, goosey, gander 42
Goosey, goosey, gander, who stands yonder? . 14
Go to bed first, a golden purse . . . 79
Gray goose and gander 78
Great A, little a 3, 144
Green cheese, yellow laces 73
Green gravel, green gravel 111

Handy-Spandy, Jack-a-Dandy 78
Hannah Bantry in the pantry 18
Hark, hark, the dogs do bark! 25
Harvest home, harvest home 145
Hector Protector was dressed all in green . 90
Heigh ding-a-ding, what shall I sing? . . 122
He loves me, he don't 122
Hempseed I set 145
Here am I, little jumping Joan . . . 26
Here come I 97

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND FAMILIAR TITLES

PAGE

Here comes a lusty wooer 54
Here comes a poor woman from Baby-land . 101
Here goes my lord 83
Here's A, B, and C 43
Here's a health to the barley mow . . . 124
Here's a health unto our master . . . 145
Here's Sulky Sue 115
Here's two or three jolly boys all of one mind 144
Here sits the Lord Mayor 27
Here stands a post 10
He that goes to see his wheat in May . . 148
He that hath it and will not keep it. . . 136
He that lies at the stock 70
He that would thrive 52
Hey! diddle, diddle! 3
Hey diddle, dinketty, poppety, pet . . . 136
Hey, dorolot, dorolot! 54
Hick-a-more, Huck-a-more 110
Hickery, dickory, sacara down! . . . 107
Hickety pickety, my black hen 64
Hickory, dickory, dock 10
Hickup, hickup, go away! 94
Hie, hie! says Anthony 77
Higgledy piggledy, here we lie . . . 95
High diddle, ding! 38
High, ding, cockatoo-moody 77
Higher than a house, higher than a tree . . 100
Highty, tighty, paradighty, clothed in green 95
Hinx, minx, the old witch winks . . see 23
Hitty pitty within the wall 123
Hixie, dixie, hickory bow 141
Hoddy doddy 120
Hogs in the garden, catch 'em Towser . . 111
Hot boiled beans and very good butter . . 110
Hot-cross buns, hot-cross buns. . . . 45
How do you do, neighbour? 126
How many days has my baby to play? . . 127
How many miles is it to Babylon? . . . 107
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall . . . 136
Hurly, burly, trumpet trace 89
Hush-a-by, baby. 26
Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top . . . 9
Hush-a-by, lie still and sleep 108
Hush, baby, my doll 26
Hussy, hussy, where's your horse? . . . 87
Hush thee, my babby 26
Hyder-iddle-diddle-dell 107

I am a gold lock 96
I am become of flesh and blood . . . 100
I can make diet bread 69
I had a cock, and a cock loved me . . . 66
I had a little castle upon the sea-side . . 107
I had a little cow 88
I had a little cow; to save her. . . . 85
I had a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell 77
I had a little dog, and they called him Buff . 45
I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen . . 49
I had a little hobby-horse. 82
I had a little husband 39
I had a little moppet 45
I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear . 137
I had a little pony 34
I had four brothers over the sea . . . 108
I had two pigeons bright and gay . . . 84
I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep 65
I have been to market, my Lady, my Lady . 81
I like little pussy, her coat is so warm . . 81
I lost my mare in Lincoln Lane . . . 124
I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence . . 46
I married my wife by the light of the moon . 128
I saw a fight the other day 138
I saw a peacock with a fiery tail . . . 105
I saw a ship a-sailing 55
I saw three ships come sailing by . . . 146
I see by the latch 144
I see the moon and the moon sees me . . 45
I sell you the key of the king's garden . . 82
I sow, I sow 145
I went into my grandmother's garden . . 85
I went to the sea 115
I went to the toad that lies under the wall . 94
I went to the wood and got it 90
I went up one pair of stairs 97
I wish you a merry Christmas 150
I won't be my father's Jack 11
I would if I could 140
If all the seas were one sea 89
If all the world were paper 43
If a man who turnips cries 100
If Candlemas Day be fair and bright . . 147
If "ifs" and "ans" were pots and pans . . 110
If I'd as much money as I could tell . . 24
If St Paul be fair and clear 147
If the cock moult before the hen . . . 134
If you are a gentleman 54
If you find even ash, or four-leaved clover . 134
If you love me as I love you 132
If you love me, pop and fly 103
If wishes were horses 34
If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for danger 80
I'll away yhame 88
I'll buy you a tartan bonnet 110
I'll sing you a song nine verses long . . 27
I'll sing you a song, the days are long . . 28
I'll sing you a song, though not very long . 96
I'll tell my own daddy 13
I'll tell you a story 10
I'm in everyone's way 120
In a cottage in Fife 114
In April I open my bill . . . . . see 77
In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live . . 60
In fir tar is 69
In good King Arthur's days 137
In July some reap rye 148
In marble walls as white as milk . . . 88
In the month of February 147
In time of prosperity, friends will be plenty . 134
Ingleborough, Pendle, and Penigent . . 139
Intery, mintery, cutery-corn 110
Into my house came neighbour John . . 138
Is John Smith within? 42
It costs little Gossip her income for shoes . 115
It's once I courted as pretty a lass . . . 75
It's raining, it's raining 111
It is time I believe 127
It was on a merry time 36
I've seen you where you never were . . 120

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND FAMILIAR TITLES

PAGE

Jack and Jill 8
Jack at a word ran over the moor . . . 138
Jack in the pulpit, out and in 136
Jack be nimble 53
Jackie boy, ho boy, news! 125
Jack Snipe 125
Jack Sprat could eat no fat 16
Jack Sprat had a cat 54
Jacky, come give me thy fiddle . . . 42
Jennie, come tie my 75
Jeremiah blow the fire 140
Jerry Hall, he is so small 115
John Ball shot them all 79
John Cook had a little grey mare . . . 35
Johnny shall have a new bonnet . . . 74
Johnny Armstrong kill'd a calf . . . 28

Kernel, come kernel, hop over my thumb . 147
King Arthur 68

Ladybird, Ladybird 27
Lavender's blue . . . . . see 48
Left and right 134
Legomoton 97
Leg over leg 64
Lend me thy mare to ride a mile . . . 73
"Let us go to the woods," says this pig . . 27
Liar, liar, lick dish 105
Lilly low, lilly low, set up on end . . . 127
Lincoln was, and London is 139
Little Betty Blue 67
Little Betty Pringle she had a pig . . . 29
Little Bingo 139
Little Bob Robbin 89
Little Bob Snooks was fond of his books . 114
Little Bo-Peep 24
Little Boy Blue 29
Little boy, pretty boy 29
Little Brown Betty lived at the Golden Can . 43
Little Cock Robin peeped out of his cabin . 103
Little Dicky Dilver 80
Little drops of water 123
Little General Monk 91
Little girl, little girl, where have you been? . 34
Little Jack Dandy Prat was my first suitor . 35
Little Jack Horner 7
Little Jack Jingle 114
Little John Jiggy Jag 127
Little Johnny Morgan 115
Little King Boggen he built a fine hall . . 34
Little maid, pretty maid 44
Little Miss Donnet 113
Little Miss Muffet 64
Little Nancy Etticoat 14
Little Poll Parrot 79
Little Polly Flinders 64
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a rail . . 38
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree . . 80
Little ships must keep the shore . . . 123
Little Tee Wee 69
Little Tom Dogget 58
Little Tommy Tittlemouse 34
Little Tom Tacket sits upon his cracket . . 125
Little Tom Tucker 11
Lives in winter 108

PAGE

Lock the dairy door 87
London Bridge is broken down . . . 21
Long legs, crooked thighs 100
Love your own, kiss your own . . . 115
Lucy Locket lost her pocket 115

Made in London 97
Magpie, magpie, chatter and flee . . . 135
Magpies 135
Make three-fourths of a cross 14
March winds and April showers . . . 148
March will search 148
Margaret wrote a letter 120
Margery Mutton-pie and Johnny Bo-Peep . 59
Mary had a little lamb 67
Mary had a pretty bird 111
Master I have, and I am his man . . . 123
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John . . . 68
Merry are the bells 100
Millery, millery, dustipole 106
Miss one, two and three could never agree . 88
Mister East gave a feast 128
Mistress Mary, quite contrary 28
Molly, my sister, and I fell out . . . 39
Monday's child is fair of face 27
Moss was a little man, and a little mare did buy 78
Mr Isbister and Betsy his sister . . . 82
Mrs Bond 121
Multiplication is vexation 54
My dear, do you know? 71
My father he died 33
My father he left me, just as he was able . 94
My father left me three acres of land . . 87
My father was a Frenchman 71
My grandmother sent me 72
My lady wind, my lady wind 53
My maid Mary 89
My story's ended 103

Nature requires five 87
Needles and pins 80
Nettle in, dock out 134
New moon, new moon, declare to me . . 132
Nievie, nievie, nicknack 64
November takes flail 149
No weather is ill 52
Number number nine 104

Of all the gay birds that e'er I did see . . 77
Oh, all you little blackey tops 45
Oh dear, what can the matter be? . 73 and 135
Oh mother, I shall be married to Mr Punchinello 65
Oh, rare Harry Parry 10
Oh the grand old Duke of York . . . 81
Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs Bond 121
O my kitten, a kitten! 8
O that I was where I would be . . . 23
O the little, little, rusty, dusty miller . see 120
Old Dr Foster went to Glo'ster . . . 43
Old Father of the Pye 94
Old Father Greybeard 13
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man . . 83
Old King Cole was a merry old soul . . 56
Old Mother Goose 1
Old Mother Hubbard 32

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND FAMILIAR TITLES

PAGE

Old Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag 44
Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye . . 83
Old woman, old woman 42
Once I saw a little bird 138
On Christmas Eve I turned the spit . . 150
Onery, twoery 23
One for anger 135
One for the money . . . . . see 96
One, he loves ; two, he loves 114
One misty moisty morning 52
One old Oxford ox opening oysters . . . 105
One's none 42
One's unlucky 135
One to make ready 96
One, two, buckle my shoe 43
One, two, three, four, and five 6
One, two, three, four, five 120
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven . . 140
One, two, three, I love coffee 34
On Saturday night it shall be my care . . 126
Oranges and lemons . . . . see 20
Our saucy boy, Dick 82
Over the water, and over the lea . . . 84

Parson Darby wore a black gown . . . 101
Pat a cake, pat a cake 6
Pea pod hucks 128
Pease-porridge hot 8
Peg, peg, with a wooden leg 118
Pemmy was a pretty girl 84
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper . 94
Peter White will ne'er go right . . . 59
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater 118
Pigeons never do know woe 135
Piping hot, smoking hot 35
Pippin, pippin, fly away 134
Pit, pat, well-a-day ! 53
Please to remember 149
Polly, put the kettle on 65
Poor Colly 58
Poor old Robinson Crusoe ! 72
Pretty John Watts 78
Punch and Judy 54
Purple, yellow, red and green 95
Pussy cat ate the dumplings 65
Pussy cat high, pussy cat low 125
Pussy cat Mole jumped over a coal . . . 80
Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been ? . 34
Pussy-cat, wussicat, with a white foot . . 136
Pussy sits beside the fire 49

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun 49
Queen, Queen, Caroline 141

Rabbit, rabbit, rabbit-pie ! 108
Rainbow in the morning 52
Rain, rain, go away . . . . . see 53
Rain, rain, go to Spain 53
Rhymes for the year 146
Riddle me, riddle me, ree 80
Riddle me, riddle me, what is that ? . . 120
Riddles . 14, 65, 68, 74, 78, 79, 83, 84, 85, 88, 89, 90, 95, 96, 97, 100, 104, 107, 108, 110, 120, 122, 123, 127, 138
Ride a cock-horse 5
Ride, baby, ride 105
Ring-a-ring-a-roses 97
Ring the bell 106
Rise up, fair maidens, fie, for shame . . 148
Robert Barnes, fellow fine 140
Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round . 72
Robin-a-bobbin bent his bow 89
Robin and Richard were two pretty men . 4
Robin Hood, Robin Hood 54
Robin the bobbin, the big-belted Ben . . 29
Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green . . 27
Rompty-iddity, row, row, row ! . . . 72
Roses are red, diddle, diddle 48
Rosemary green, and lavender blue . . 118
Round about, round about 7
Round the house and round the house . . 127
Rowsty dowt, my fire's all out 28
Rub-a-dub-dub 110

St Swithin's Day if thou dost rain . . . 148
St Thomas' Day is past and gone . . . 149
Saw ye aught of my wife ? 111
Says t'auld man to t'oak tree 46
Season Rhymes 144
See a pin and pick it up 59
See-saw, Margery Daw, Jacky shall have a new master 7
See-saw, Margery Daw, sold her old bed to lie in the straw 122
See-saw, Margery Daw, the old hen flew over the malt-house 26
See-saw, sacaradown 3
See, see. What shall I see ? 49
September blow soft 148
Shall I tell you a tale ? 141
Shoe the colt 42
Simple Simon 40
Sing a song of sixpence 15
Sing jig my jole 42
Sing, sing, what shall I sing ? 71
Skiddaw, Helvellin, and Castigand . . . 139
Smiling girls, rosy boys 123
Snail, snail, come out of your hole . . . 46
Snail, snail, shut out your horns . . . 84
Sneel, snaul 46
Snow, snow faster 124
Solomon Grundy 52
Some little mice sat in a barn to spin . . 82
Some up and some down 96
Sow in the sop 134
Speak of a person, and he will appear . . 134
Stand fast, root ; bear well, top . . . 145
Swan swam over the sea 91

Taffy was a Welshman 23
Tell-tale-tit 6
Ten little nigger boys 48
The babes in the wood 71
The barber shaved the mason 42
The beggars of Ratcliffe Fair 130
The calf, the goose, the bee 120
The cambric shirt 25
The cat sat asleep by the side of the fire . . 45
The children of Holland 18

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND FAMILIAR TITLES

PAGE

The cock's on the wood pile a-blowing his horn 46
The cock doth crow 52
The cuckoo comes in April 127
The cuckoo's a fine bird 64
The death and burial of poor Cock Robin . 37
The Derby ram 109
The dog of the kiln 97
The dove says "coo, coo, what shall I do?" . 81
The evening red and the morning grey . . 53
The face 27
The fair maid who, the first of May . . . 148
The fiddler and his wife 122
The first day of Christmas 102
The five toes 27
The frog and the crow 117
The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain. 123
The hart he loves the high wood . . . 122
The horse 23
The house that Jack built 50
The jolly tester 46
The King of France went up the hill . . 45
The land is white 120
The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown 49
The little priest of Felton 123
The lover's tasks 25
The man in the moon came tumbling down . 18
The man in the moon drinks claret . . . 18
The man in the wilderness asked me . . 72
The marriage of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren 36
The merry bells of London 20
The miller he grinds his corn, his corn . . 124
The north wind doth blow 53
The old man and his wife 116
The old market woman 41
The old woman and the crooked sixpence . 142
The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub 57
The pettitoes are little feet 88
The play of the wide-mouthed, waddling frog . 98
The quaker's wife sat down to bake . . 125
The queen of hearts . . . . (facing) 8
The robin and the redbreast 65
The robin and the wren 85
The rose is red, the grass is green . . . 44
The rose is red, the violet's blue . . . 147
The rule of the road's a paradox quite . . 88
The south wind brings wet weather . . 53
The sow came in with the saddle . . . 13
The tailor and the crow 41
The tailor of Bicester 139
The 29th of May is Oakapple Day . . . 148
The white dove sat on the castle wall . . 89
The winds they did blow 81
There is a bird of great renown . . . 79
There's a lie with a hatchet 132
There was a bee 140
There was a crooked man 39
There was a fat man of Bombay . . . 91
There was a frog lived in a well . . . 92
There was a girl in our towne 90
There was a jolly miller 39
There was a king, and he had three daughters 78
There was a king met a king 78
There was a lady loved a swine . . . 19
There was a little boy and a little girl . . 35

PAGE

There was a little girl, and she wore a little curl 140
There was a little green house 74
There was a little guinea pig 19
There was a little man, and he had a little gun 35
There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid 2
There was a little nobby colt 115
There was a little one-eyed gunner . . . 79
There was a little woman, as I've been told . 118
There was a man and he had nought . . 20
There was a man and he was mad . . . 48
There was a man and his name was Dob . 107
There was a man in our toone 86
There was a man of Thessaly 10
There was a man rode through our town . 110
There was a man who had no eyes . . . 14
There was a monkey climbed a tree . . 51
There was a naughty boy 128
There was a piper, he'd a cow 91
There was a rat for want of stairs . . . 34
There was an old couple, and they were poor . 126
There was an old crow sat upon a clod . . 54
There was an old man and he had a calf . . 11
There was an old man, and he lived in a wood 38
There was an old man in a velvet coat . . 140
There was an old man of Tobago . . . 69
There was an old man who lived in a wood . 116
There was an old man who lived in Middle Row 106
There was an old soldier of Bister . . . 116
There was an old woman, and nothing she had 116
There was an old woman, and what do you think? 18
There was an old woman, as I've heard tell . 41
There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all 103
There was an old woman, her name it was Peg 110
There was an old woman in Surrey. . . 104
There was an old woman lived under a hill . 11
There was an old woman lived under a hill . 40
There was an old woman of Leeds . . . 94
There was an old woman of Norwich . . 104
There was an old woman sat spinning . . 72
There was an old woman sold puddings and pies. 8
There was an old woman tossed up in a basket 19
There was an old woman who had three cows 89
There was an old woman who had three sons 73
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe. 18
There was an old woman who rode on a broom 119
There was an owl lived in an oak . . . 39
There were three jovial huntsmen . . . 101
There were three sisters in a hall . . . 84
There were two birds sat on a stone . . 9
There were two blackbirds 6
They that wash on Monday 81
Thirty days hath September 146
Thirty white horses upon a red hill . . . 95
This broke the barn . . . . . see 97
This is the cat 132
This is the house that Jack built . . . 50
This is the key of the kingdom . . . 77
This is the way the ladies ride. . . . 57
This knot I knit 147
This pig went to market 8

INDEX OF FIRST LINES AND FAMILIAR TITLES

PAGE

This pig went to the barn 106
Thomas and Annis met in the dark . . . 132
Thomas a Tattamus 14
Those that go my way—butter and eggs . . 134
Three blind mice, see how they run . . 74
Three children sliding on the ice . . . 5
Three crooked cripples went through Cripplegate 94
Three little kittens they lost their mittens . 133
Three straws on a staff 26
Three times round goes our gallant, gallant ship 141
Three wise men of Gotham 11
Thumbikin, thumbikin, broke the barn . . 97
Tiddle, liddle, lightum 108
Tinker, tailor 135
Tip, top, tower 65
Tit for tat 132
Tit-tat-toe 106
Tobacco wick! tobacco wick! 104
To-day is the saucer 140
To make your candles last for aye . . . 23
To market, to market 24
To market, to market, a gallop, a trot . . 74
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys . . 28
To-morrow come never 127
To-morrow the fox will come to town . . 129
Tom Thumb 60
Tom, Tom, the piper's son, stole a pig . . 44
Tom Thumbkin 97
Tom Thumb's alphabet 31
Tom, he was a piper's son, he learnt to play . 47
Tommy kept a chandler's shop . . . 59
Tommy O'Linn is a Scotsman born. . . 70
Tommy Trot, a man of law 75
Trim tram 124
Trip and go, heave and ho 110
Tripple Dick upon a stick 128
Trip upon trenchers 28
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee . . . 138
Twelve huntsmen with horns and hounds see 99
Twelve pears hanging high 96
Twenty, nineteen, eighteen 138
Two brothers we are 127
Two legs sat upon three legs 14
Two, four, six, eight 88
Two little dogs 80

Up at Piccadilly, oh! 79
Up hill and down dale 9
Up street and down street 72
Up the hill take care of me 23
Upon St Paul's steeple stands a tree . . 122

Valentine, O Valentine! 147

PAGE

Warm, hands, warm 45
Was ever heard such noise and clamour! . 122
Wassail, wassail, to our town 146
Water skimming 141
We are all in the dumps 27
Wear you a hat, or wear you a crown . . 118
We drink to thee and thy white horn . . 147
Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town . 141
"We'll go a-shooting," says Robin to Bobbin . 22
We're three brethren out of Spain . . . 4
What are little boys made of? 75
What care I how black I be 6
What do they call you? 91
What God never sees 120
What is the rhyme for porringer? . . . 82
What shoemaker makes shoes without leather? 90
What's the news of the day? 54
When a twister a-twisting 85
When Easter falls on Our Lady's lap . . 144
When elm leaves are as big as a farden . . 73
When clouds appear like rocks and towers . 52
When good King Arthur ruled the land . . 68
When I was a little boy I had but little wit . 6
When I was a little boy I lived by myself . 6
When I was a little girl about seven years old 74
When I was taken from the fair body . . 90
When I went up Sandy Hill 107
When Jack's a very good boy 38
When little Fred went to bed 79
When shall we be married? 82
When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn . 127
When the days begin to lengthen . . . 144
When the sand doth feed the clay . . . 89
When the wind blows 115
When the wind is in the east 52
When V and I together meet 90
Where are you going to my pretty maid? . 38
Where have you been all the day . . . 118
Where was a jewel and pretty 115
Whistle, daughter, whistle 101
Whitsun bright and clear 145
Who comes here? 9
Who killed cock robin? 37
Who liveth so merry in all this land . . 112
Whoop, whoop and hollow 97
William and Mary, George and Anne . . 138
Willy boy, Willy boy 45
Willy, Willy, Wilkin 67
Winter's thunder 145

Yankee Doodle went to town 141
You mustn't sing on Sunday 80
You shall have an apple . . . . see 26
Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window 134

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